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The Week

Gratifying intimations come from Washington that, after all, the Senate may have something to say about the Lorimer case in a tone very different from that of Senator Burrows. It appears that Senator Burton, for one, has been spending his holidays reading the report of the committee of investigation, and that he and some others are deeply stirred by what they find in the evidence—so much so, that they cannot subscribe to the doctrine that a Senator's seat is safe if his friends bribe a little for him, but not too much; the theory that if you cannot prove that the purchased votes were exactly the ones that elected the Senator in question, why then he is entitled to hold his seat among honorable men whose election has been clear and above board. Obviously, if the Senate cares for its reputation, the question of fitness hangs not upon the degree of bribery, or even upon the question whether the Senator knew about it, but whether there was any bribery at all. A high-minded man in Lorimer's case would have resigned on the first intimation of the scandal and notified his associates and the Illinois Legislature that he would not remain in his seat a day, if anybody had used any money in connection with his election.

A glance at the tables in the report of the Postmaster-General is sufficient to show a growth in post office business which, to those unfamiliar with it, must be little less than startling. Nothing surprises us, of course, when we go back a hundred years; that the receipts of the postal service in 1810 were only a little above half a million dollars, while now they are nearly a quarter of a billion, is the kind of thing every one expects. But that the receipts in 1870 were still under twenty million dollars—that they are more than eleven times as great now as they were only forty years ago—is another matter; and if we go back to 1860 we find the amount to have been only eight and a half million dollars. In other words, our people spend upon postage twenty-six times as

much as they did fifty years ago, whereas the population is only three times as great as it was then. Indeed, the people of the United States now spend upon postage alone a sum nearly four times as great as was expended in 1860 upon the entire activities of the Federal Government!

It is a little surprising to find the *Public Ledger* endorsing the sentiment of a local merchant that Philadelphians should "stop their everlasting criticism and get together in a truly coöperative spirit to place Philadelphia in her rightful position before the eyes of the world." What is here recommended to Philadelphia is exactly what San Francisco actually did—for a time; only to learn that agreeing to keep still about political corruption merely added gall to criticism from the outside. The time may have come "when Philadelphia must shake off the village spirit and go forward on broader metropolitan lines," but this is no excuse for refusing to face what is the real trouble, if the *Ledger's* own columns are to be trusted.

The amazing cleverness of politicians is illustrated by the reported plan of the Republican majority in the New Jersey Senate to rush through a series of reform measures before Gov.-elect Wilson has a chance to declare himself in favor of them in his inaugural address. That is expected to take the wind out of his sails completely. The contemplated action would at once reveal the unprogressive spirit of the incoming Executive, and cause bitter regret that the party represented by the noble Senators at Trenton somehow failed of popular endorsement in November. Just how Gov. Wilson is to escape odium no one can imagine. All his popularity will immediately pass to those who opposed him and fought the ideas which they are now to make haste to adopt.

W. D. Connor, chairman of the self-styled "Taft Republican State Committee" in Wisconsin, has filed a statement showing that the committee spent more than \$114,000 in its attempt to defeat Senator La Follette and other Progressive Republican candidates at the Re-

publican primaries. It cost Senator La Follette only about \$4,000 to win by a vote of four to one, while the regular State Committee spent but \$8,000 on both primary and November elections. Now the *Milwaukee Journal* has published a list of 1,400 individuals in Milwaukee County alone who received sums varying from \$5 to \$250 each from the "Taft Committee." This list, it appears on analysis, contained the names of former La Follette men, Democrats and even Socialists. The purposes of the expenditure were set down as "publicity" and "organization." Progressive Republicans are rather amused than otherwise at the discovery how little the Taft Committee got for its money. But there are members of the incoming Legislature who are determined to have Mr. Connor tell who subscribed it. Some of the inquisitive ones think that they may strike a trail that will lead to the "jack pot" reputed to have been got up at Chicago to defeat not only La Follette but Beveridge and other Progressives in the Middle West.

Reform in our methods of judicial procedure played a conspicuous part in the proceedings of the American Political Science Association, in its annual meeting at St. Louis. Whenever the subject is discussed—and it is coming to be discussed with ever-growing frequency—the sentiment as to the urgent necessity of reform is emphatic, it comes from the highest sources, and it is apparently unopposed. There seems to be no material difference of opinion on the subject, and the only question is how this body of opinion, though relating to a matter of such great and immediate practical importance, shall get itself embodied in the actual practice of our courts. However, it may be set down as certain that a very considerable measure of improvement will come through the immediate influence of the discussion and criticism upon the attitude of the judges. There are many things, especially those affecting the right of appeal, upon which legislation may be necessary, but the judges have it in their own power to reduce enormously the abuses of our legal practice. Fortunately, a precedent in refusing to give weight to a ridiculous tech-

nicality has just as much chance to become infectious as the opposite kind of precedent. But the room for improvement is so great that nothing less than a persistent and determined effort on the part of the strongest men of the bench and bar will suffice to effect the reform needed. At St. Louis, strong language was used on the subject by several speakers, including Mr. Frederick W. Lehman, the recently appointed solicitor-general of the United States.

In his address at St. Louis on Wednesday of last week, Professor Giddings brought out with much force the responsibility of leaders in public life for the formation of opinion about war. He insisted that such prominent individuals are real social causes. From them comes an initiative which shapes the sentiments that sway the masses. This we believe to be profoundly true, and it seems to us to have a double significance in coming from a professor of sociology. For the comfortable theory is often put forward in the name of sociological doctrine that vast movements sweep over society before which the most virile and influential men are helpless, and in resisting or directing which they have no real duty because they have no real power. In particular it has been the pleasant custom to depict wars as "fated," since they are the inevitable collisions of rival principles or competing civilizations, or what not. Against all this, Professor Giddings uttered a timely protest. Hold what theories we may of fate or free will, destiny or striving, the practical truth which we have to grasp and act upon is that an enormous responsibility rests upon those who are set as spokesmen and guides of the people, and that according as they exercise it for good or evil will they be morally judged, both by their contemporaries and by posterity.

The brief but wanton strike last Friday of the firemen employed upon the Staten Island ferry-boats comes as a sharp reminder of one of the great difficulties which must be faced by other cities as well as by New York as municipal ownership and operation are extended. The men had only a fancied grievance, which they did not even present to the authorities; they quit work without notice and recklessly put thou-

sands of people to great inconvenience. A government that cannot protect itself against its own employees is not only impotent but contemptible. This lesson has been learned in France, where a bill is now before Parliament to make a strike by workmen in the service of the state unlawful. Let there be every provision for conciliation and remedying injustice, but let it be clearly understood that the crippling of public work by public servants will not be for a moment endured.

The New York State Commissioner of Education spoke recently in Syracuse on school system reform. We hope soon to hear a lecture from him on the reform of his own department in the way of making it more useful to rural schools. It is of extraordinarily little benefit to many such, whose sole relations to the Department consist of the brief visits of more or less competent inspectors, the matter of the Regents' examinations, and the making of rules and regulations for procedure and appointments under the laws of the State; while the Commissioner himself gives a good deal of time to passing on questions of law with resultant decisions that form most interesting reading to lawyers. Of course, the fault is chiefly in the laws. Dr. Draper is, we believe, the best superintendent the State has had. But where his department falls is either as an adequate inspector or a real vitalizing force, compelling weak or inefficient school boards to better conditions and bring their schools up to date. As it is, if the attendance is good and the written examinations are fairly well done, the school may in every other respect be faulty, with a poor system, poor teachers, and methods of a bygone generation. So long as school directors are elected as they are, there ought to be a very vigorous department at Albany, with plenty of capable inspectors to hold them up to their duties.

The Academy of Medicine in New York did a conspicuous public service by its discussion of leprosy the other night, and by bringing to its meeting nine victims of the disease. The popular ignorance and dread of this malady are comparable to the fear of the witches in old Salem days. Let a leper

be discovered anywhere, and he is treated as if all his claims to humanity had vanished with the breaking out of the disease. The victim is isolated—as was the alleged leper Early in Washington a year or two ago—and refused a sight of his family, while his food is poked at him as if he were a dog suffering from rabies. All of this is but a relic of the mediæval dread of the plague, and is based apparently on the belief that if you touch a leper or breathe the same air, you are lost. The fact that there are fully a thousand lepers in the United States, and that one New York doctor has examined thirty cases in a year, ought to be known—not to cause any laxness in dealing with the disease, but to prevent further hysteria. The scientists are doing everything they can to find a remedy for the disease which, taken the world over, is not believed to be spreading.

The struggles of the British novelist to master American slang result in the creation of a dialect that never was on land or sea. Some of his phrases no American would use at all, and all of them could not possibly be found united in the diction of any one individual. It is naturally irritating to the American to be thus bewrayed to the unsympathizing by a speech which is, after all, not his, yet we cannot be surprised that the foreign novelist should adorn the conversation of his "Yankee" with the choicest flowers of rhetoric culled impartially from the Bowery, Georgia, Chicago, and the Pacific Coast, together with many that are indigenous to the British Isles. We may repudiate this Babylonish idiom with what scorn we will, but we doubt if the novelist himself harbors many illusions about his crude confection. Of course, there is a large element in it peculiarly British; he wishes to be understood by his countrymen, and we fear that unadulterated American—say, the language of "fandom"—would hardly find many English readers. The merest garnish of an "I guess," however, will animate the British lump. Even Burns had to allay his straight Scotch with a liberal infusion of English. Nor does the novelist feel it his task nicely to delimit the geographical distribution of "guess," "reckon," and "allow." He aims rather at a kind of "all-American" dialect. He operates with the "b'jabers's," the "bah

Jove's," and the "ach Himmel's" of our speech—those tokens of international linguistic exchange that are honored everywhere at sight—in the effort to evolve something as sprawling and inclusive as his conception of these States themselves.

The tragic deaths of Moisant and Hoxsey ought to end promptly the dangerous aerial feats of which the public has heard so much. Now that aeroplanes have reached such great heights, why is it necessary to go on trying for altitude records? Surely the art is still too much in its infancy for the men engaged in it to take unnecessary risks. Sensational "glides," spiral twistings, and other dangerous methods of amusement add nothing to the development of the aeroplane. If it is answered that many fatal accidents have occurred, like Moisant's, when at no great distance from the ground, the greater the necessity for caution. Certainly the many deaths in 1910 cannot but hold back the progress of what is bound to be a most useful invention. Moisant's death is the more regrettable because he was one of the clearest thinkers on this whole question, had important plans under way for an improved aeroplane, and, had he not yielded to the exhibition craze, might easily have led the world in other feats besides being the first to cross the English Channel with a passenger beside him. Only last summer, he was complaining that the public expected too much of aviators and too rapid progress. Yet he lost his life in gratifying the curiosity of the public, under dangerous conditions, when he might have had added years of usefulness.

During the fourteen years from 1894 to 1908, the number of homicides in Alabama, according to the report of the Attorney-General, increased more than 100 per cent. In Macon County, however, there was a decrease in both homicides and other serious crimes, the reduction in penitentiary offences in the last four years being no less than 60 per cent., and in homicides reaching 75 per cent. The population of the county is about 30,000, 25,000 being negroes. The wide difference in the figures for the county and the State is not surprising when it is remembered that Tuskegee is in Macon County, and when it

is also known that four years ago the county went "dry." As it is impossible that the latter circumstance should not have been directly influenced by the former, Booker T. Washington's institution must be credited with a new benefit to those it was not formally planned to help.

The agitation against Mr. Balfour's continuance as leader of the Unionist party is not surprising, nor is it surprising to learn that the weakness of the agitation lies in the failure to suggest any substitute for the man who has had to bear the brunt of an extremely difficult situation. The time is out of joint, and Mr. Balfour himself would probably be the first to admit that he is not cut out, by nature or inclination, to set it right. But the kind of man that could have coped with the difficulties of the Unionist position during the past few years in such a way as to command the enthusiastic allegiance of the party is the rarest of human beings. In point of intellectual capacity, Mr. Balfour measures up to the highest requirements; it is in the robust personal characteristics that go to the domination of a political situation that he is wanting. When Chamberlain first troubled the political waters with his protectionist propaganda, Balfour's nicely-balanced position, irritating as it may have been, served a good purpose for the party in keeping it going along without a serious split; but in the face of such a crisis as that presented by the Lords' proposed rejection of the budget, the only thing that could have prevented the colossal blunder that impended was the assertion of a masterful will, such as forms no part of Mr. Balfour's equipment. Few men would have been equal to the occasion; the only trouble with Mr. Balfour was that he was not one of those few. In a smaller and yet an extremely important matter he fell short in a similar way; that shelving of protection for the time being, which, if done early and in a strong way, might have saved the day in the recent campaign, was undertaken by Mr. Balfour at the eleventh hour and in a queer haphazard manner, with the referendum accidentally thrown in. But the Unionists seem to be confronted with a choice between Mr. Balfour, with his remarkable talents and his want of the highest qualities of leadership, and some man

no stronger in leadership and without the talents.

A Consumers' League has been organized in Paris, with a declaration of principles asserting the importance of a combination among "all who buy and pay," to stand along with the combinations of producers, artisans, and middlemen, and to aid in the suppression of frauds and abuses. This the *Temps* calls "un bon sentiment," but points out that the chief frauds and abuses are those committed by producers at the expense of consumers. Poor quality of merchandise and high prices are evils proceeding from the very combinations with which the Consumers' League proposes to ally itself in a war against them. The *Temps* agrees with Professor Gide, the founder of the League, that the power of the purchaser has known how to make itself heard whenever it has wished, but remarks that, in France at least, it has not wished. This statement it enforces by a reference to the way in which the lessening of imposts on spirits has profited the dealers instead of the public, and it calls for a consumers' boycott, such as made the Beef Trust "yield" in America, and the brewers in Germany.

Another hint of the flexible wisdom of Papal policy appears in the reports from Germany that the new "oath against modernism" is not to be strictly exacted of German Catholic priests, particularly not of professors in Catholic universities. A good deal of importance is attached to a reference to the matter in a pastoral letter issued by Cardinal Fischer of Cologne, on the eve of his departure for Rome. Touching upon the recent Vatican decrees, he urged the faithful not to be in any way disturbed by rumors on that subject, declaring that "the Holy Father has given to the German bishops certain plenary powers corresponding to our actual situation." This is interpreted to mean that no rigorous measures will be urged in Germany, though they may be in Austria and Italy, to compel priests and professors to take the special oath against "modernism." A well-informed writer in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* declares that the Catholic faculties generally maintain that a professor may be, indeed, absolutely bound in matters of dogma, but that, scientifically, he must be free to investigate.

PROGRESS TOWARDS PEACE.

We have received from Alfred H. Fried, the publisher of the German pacifist monthly, *Die Friedens-Warte*, an admirable peace chronology of the past year. No one can peruse it without realizing how the stars in their courses are fighting for the abolition of war. It is like the progress of the glacier—so slow as to be almost imperceptible to those who do not stop to watch its advance, and yet steady and certain. The reason, Herr Fried declares, why we are not more conscious of the revolution of human sentiment upon this question is the old inability of mankind, absorbed as each individual is in his own affairs, to take note of the continuity of events bearing on a given cause. Single happenings, like the bringing about of peace between Japan and Russia and Mr. Carnegie's donation to the peace agitation—news of which had not reached Herr Fried before the publication of his pamphlet—people remark. But there is not time enough to measure the new ground won all along the line. And yet each skirmish in the battle for peace is but part of a whole campaign, to use a military simile, and its value can best be judged only in connection with the entire forward movement.

It is really a striking list of the events of 1910 which Herr Fried has compiled, foremost among them the avoidance of war between Peru and Chili, and Peru and Ecuador on this hemisphere, and the allaying of all danger of a conflagration as a result of the troubles in Crete. To this he might have added the disappearance of the acute friction between England and Germany. The settlement of the century-old dispute between the United States and England in regard to the New England fisheries by the Hague court in a way satisfactory to both nations, was another memorable achievement, as was the disposition of our own quarrel with Venezuela by the same tribunal. Again, there is a remarkable list of international conferences to record: the fourth Pan-American in Buenos Ayres, the Spitzbergen Conference in Christiania, the conference in regard to the laws of aerial navigation in Paris; that dealing with international exchange, held at The Hague; and the Brussels conference on maritime law. One may well ask whether these

are not the forerunners of a coming parliament of nations or an international supreme court to do for the various peoples what the Supreme Court in Washington does every day for the States of the American Federation. Certainly, these international conferences are becoming more and more a matter of course and increasing in numbers each year.

Two international events of 1910 are of particular importance from the point of view of peace—the formation of the South African Union and the Russian-Japanese treaty of July 4 last. Herr Fried rightly points to them as demonstrating in a remarkable degree the uselessness of wars, which, as has been so often said, settle nothing. In South Africa mutual good will, concessions, and compromises have accomplished what the war in the Transvaal itself could not bring about. If the rulers of those lands had had the good sense and the determination to adjust their differences, the same result could have been obtained ten years ago without the fearful waste of blood and treasure. Was it necessary to take all those human lives in order to make the Boers the actual ruling party in South Africa? So, too, the Russian-Japanese treaty has placed the relations of Japan and Russia on a better basis and marked out their spheres of influence in East Asia in a clearer way than did the Peace of Portsmouth. Must we really believe that no such result was possible without the slaughter of Manchuria? Reason and common sense emphatically answer no.

It must, of course, be admitted that certain events during 1910 point in the other direction. Occurrences in Korea and in Finland have not made for peace or good will. Everywhere, too, the mania for armaments rages unchecked. So far, no international conference for disarmament has appeared possible, and yet to everybody but the statesmen concerned it is apparent that the burden of armaments spells ruin. The rise in the price of living in all the great industrial nations carries its significant warning. In Germany, for all its marvellous industrial progress, the peasant who bears the soldier on his back groans more loudly than ever. Nearly three-quarters of a million men will be under arms there in 1911, consuming but producing nothing, and the

price of meat in the Emperor's domains has risen to such a point that it has become an unobtainable luxury for many workers. We hear much about the necessity for "insurance"; it is the favorite argument of the militarist. You insure your home, he says, against fire and burglary; why not the nation, which is but a conglomeration of homes? He overlooks the fact that there are some kinds of insurance which not even the richest nation can afford; that the man of moderate means prefers to let his house go uninsured if the insurance premiums demanded of him are so high as to impoverish him. Precisely this is happening in Europe, where the cost of war-insurance is placing the control of the governments in the hands of its bondholders—literally in the hands of a few large financial institutions.

Fortunately, the truth of all this is becoming more and more widely felt. Even here in America there is beginning to grow up a restlessness under that policy which devotes 70 cents out of every dollar appropriated to expenditures to wars, past and future. President Taft himself did a great service for peace but the other day, when he put an end to the latest war scare in Washington and voiced the opinion of the nation that this country shall never be the home of a great standing army. We need only a few more outspoken men and women to declare their uncompromising hostility to militarism in the spirit of Tolstoy to make even more rapid progress. The new year holds its opportunities for victories, and the greatest of these opportunities is in the hands of Mr. Taft. How the country would acclaim a complete arbitration treaty with Great Britain, and how the world would applaud Mr. Taft if he brought about an international disarmament congress!

"UNOSTENTATIOUS" MR. SHEEHAN.

It is rather a tame and conventional thing that Mr. Sheehan has done in issuing a set of "principles," in aid of his candidacy for the United States Senatorship from New York. We think also that it was entirely unnecessary. Any members of the Legislature who could possibly be brought to vote for him, certainly would ask for nothing of the sort. A wink from Sheehan would satisfy them better than his exposition of

the Constitution. If he could only assure them that the election of a Senator was all arranged, that he was to have Murphy's O. K. and was "sure to go through," they would gladly spare his dissertation on the "vast but regulated power of the Executive." And as for others, their emotion is likely to be one of surprise that Mr. Sheehan had any settled principles at all to profess. They had never heard of anything of the kind in connection with his political activities. A belated discovery of "principles" is always a little suspicious. If they were life-long, why this unpleasant air of having to extemporize them?

In reality, of course, Mr. Sheehan does not expect this profession of his political faith to affect the vote of a single legislator. He is too shrewd to have any illusions on that point. What he has done is merely to pay a perfunctory tribute to a custom which he doubtless regards as foolish, while his real dependence is upon other things. Indeed, he inadvertently makes this clear in the very letter which he gave to the press last Friday morning. The truly significant passage in it is this: "The time has not come when loyalty to and belief in efficient political organization and unostentatious labor, even more assiduous in days of darkness than in time of sunshine, shall of themselves necessarily create disqualifications for exalted trust." This is turgid language, but what Mr. Sheehan means by it is not in doubt. It is a frank appeal to the baser elements of the Democratic party to stand by one of their own kind. If he were to put the matter into the politicians' vernacular, he would say: "See here, boys, they are trying to take away from us a good thing. We have done the dirty work of the party year after year and never got anything for it, because we were licked. But now we have won, and what do those silk-stocking dudes propose but to run off with the biggest prize of all! I say we won't stand for it. If we were good enough to keep up the organization in the years of defeat, I guess we are good enough to get the offices in the hour of victory."

It is perfectly clear that this is Mr. Sheehan's idea of the way in which the Senatorship should be awarded. Let it go to the man who has done "unostentatious labor" in order to build up a machine strong enough to defy public sentiment. We know the sort of work

to which Mr. Sheehan refers. He has done a good deal of it in his time, and up-State people are discovering that he lately put in more of it in close legislative districts. He calls it "unostentatious" labor. That is statesmanese for "gum-shoe business." Others were campaigning, speaking, seeking arguments to convince the independent voters; but the unostentatious laborer was secretly arranging nominations, pledging candidates, pulling wires. No one heard of him during the fight. He was quietly at work—but for himself. No one dreamed that he was a candidate for the Senatorship. Mr. Sheehan says now that he has come reluctantly to favor the election of United States Senators by popular vote. Nobody knows better than he that he could not possibly be so elected in New York. If his name had been on the ticket last November, it would have been scratched unmercifully, and would have been enough to drag down Gov. Dix. But now he comes forward, absolutely in the old Hill spirit, ready to treat the Senatorship as plunder and demanding it by right of machine conquest.

Mr. Sheehan deprecates criticism of Senatorial candidates. "Let us say and do nothing now that will without justifiable cause weaken or injure the capacity for public service of the man into whose hands our honor and our interests will be placed." But the time to ring the alarm bell is before the house burns up. What are candidates for but to be discussed and sifted? How can we judge a man's future, except by his past? If our honor and our interests have not before been safe in his hands, how can he expect us to believe that they will be hereafter? It is folly for Mr. Sheehan to imagine that his public record will not be laid open. He has brought it upon himself. Nothing that we could say about him would damage him a feather's weight, if the facts themselves did not tell their own tale. It is not what we say here, but what Mr. Sheehan did there—in Buffalo, in Albany, as Speaker, as Lieutenant-Governor—that weakens and injures him, and will keep on doing so as long as he seeks to be in public life. His election as Senator would not make a particle of difference in this respect. He would be known at Washington for just what he was at Albany. Time cannot soften these things. There they stand in all

their glaring and repellent ugliness. Only one inference from them is possible. The election of William F. Sheehan to the Senate would be taken as a triumph of the lowest species of machine politics, a disgrace to his party in New York, and a blight upon its fair prospects throughout the nation.

"ORGANIZED CHEERING."

President Lowell of Harvard is a bold man. He actually has the audacity to pour ridicule upon sacred undergraduate traditions connected with athletics. In addressing the national convention of music teachers in Boston—and we should like to ask what a college president is doing in that galley anyhow—he attacked the venerable and established institution, "organized cheering" at college games and academic reunions. And he based his objections upon grounds that any freshman could show to be absurd. He talked about organized cheering as being nearly the worst means of expressing emotion ever invented. He said that it would have to yield the lowest place only to a chorus of fog-horns; and delivered himself of a lot of other æsthetic and moral rubbish.

It is hard to be patient with such a daring iconoclast. Let our college presidents stick to their last. They may revolutionize the whole system of education if they desire, they may read learned papers on history or science which no self-respecting college man will look at, or go abroad to take honorary degrees; but when they begin to meddle with the most precious ideals of their students, they should be made to know their place. It is really laughable to read of President Lowell's condemnation of forced cheering and rag-time music in colleges as dreary, and as a sad reflection upon educated men who can find no better way of "expressing emotion." Has he never heard of the real reason for organized cheering and the inspiring motives associated with it? Even he would admit, we suppose, that college "loyalty" is a good thing. Well, then, doesn't he know that the very finest flower of it consists in going off to an intercollegiate contest in an immense *claque* to yell and sing at the word of command? Here is one of the noblest forms of undergraduate activity, from which Mr. Lowell would cut off aspiring youth. There are thousands

of college students fairly burning with ambition to "do something" for their beloved Alma Mater, and if they are not to travel a hundred miles in order to wave flags and rise in serried ranks to cheer for two hours, their young zeal will rust in them unused. And how about the effect on their after-life? The reputation of having been a valiant "cheer-leader" is one of the most valuable things a boy can take away from college. As a title to promotion in professional or public life, it ranks hardly second to that of having been a quarterback. How could an appointing officer, with a decent sense of "loyalty" in his bosom, resist when told that a candidate had been the sort of "cheer-leader" who had once yelled himself into a hospital, and had several times "rattled" a pitcher? It is obvious that President Lowell has never seriously looked into the matter about which he speaks so superficially.

One of his weakest arguments was that organized cheering is a modern innovation. He said that there was virtually none of it when he was in college. This is sadly futile. We should hope that President Lowell does not expect to commend his view to the present age by pointing back to his own generation of weaklings. They were well enough as stepping-stones of the dead past for our lusty youth, but otherwise the less said about them the better. Moreover, it is utterly vain to say that any custom which any set of undergraduates at any place religiously follows is not hoary with antiquity. As Woodrow Wilson once said, a college "tradition" that can be proved to be no more than five years old, is yet looked upon as if it were as ancient and rock-ribbed as the hills. A decade is enough to make it "one of the things that have always been done"; yet here you go proposing to uproot a tree which dates back to the very foundation of the college! President Lowell, we are confident, will make no more progress in declaring that organized cheering is lacking in antiquity than he will in contending that it is unmusical. Apparently, he would have three or four opera singers in the grand stands subduing everybody to silence or tears.

In fact, so much like Habakkuk, *capable de tout*, does Mr. Lowell appear in this affair that we can fancy him affirming that organized cheering at in-

tercollegiate games and at college meetings is rapidly becoming an intolerable nuisance. Except for the acclaim when the teams enter, it is virtually ignored by the players themselves, while to spectators and officials it is a growing annoyance. It is to be classed with the disgusting habit, which college ball-players have lately taken over from the professionals, of keeping up on the field a perpetual nagging chatter in the hope of disconcerting opponents. But it is fatuous for President Lowell to contend that all this implies a want of "delicate qualities" in those to whom we are giving the highest education. We had supposed that such old notions were now held to be fudge by all up-to-date educators. The idea of there being anything "delicate" about an undergraduate! He has changed all that, and made the gentleman and scholar connote one who hits the line hard, never flinches, and can make a noise like a steam calliope. Asking him to be as musical as is Apollo's lute is a trifle too much.

A WAR OF PROFESSORS.

We have the reassuring news that the historic University of Berlin is not to be the scene of bloodshed to horrify the nations. Thanks to the interference of the Prussian Minister of Education, there is not only to be no duel to the death between Prof. Max Seering and Prof. Ludwig Bernhard, both teachers of political economy, but not even a professorial court-martial or court of honor. The arms have been grounded and a truce declared—for how long nobody can say. But now at least the cavalry captain, the country judge, and the two proprietors of factories and lieutenants of the reserve who, with much flourish of trumpets, had been selected to carry Professor Bernhard's challenge to Professor Seering, may go about their various occupations without the dread of having at some dawn to take part in a bloody encounter.

Professor Seering, we must confess, has evidently been so long a closet philosopher as to have lost much of the quality of the fighting man. The good red blood in his veins has become diluted by too much consideration of the welfare of nations, for when challenged, he failed to order pistols and coffee for two at once. Professor Bernhard is of different quality. He made his repu-

tation by denouncing the Poles and applauding the Prussian government for its policy of denationalizing them. To the Kaiser, this young man of thirty-three seemed a professor after his own heart. He wanted somebody to stir up the dry bones of the university, to be a "live wire" amid the fossilized professors, and so Professor Bernhard was called to Berlin from Kiel in 1908—to the surprise of the university of the *Kaiserstadt*. Indeed, so great was the surprise that the Philosophical Faculty, fossilized as it was, refused to approve the selection and the Prussian Ministry received personal and official requests that Professor Bernhard should be dropped. But the Kaiser knew what he wanted and Professor Bernhard stayed—and repaid his benefactor by vigorous attacks upon the tendency toward state socialism and socialism of every kind, for some of which his economic colleagues, Seering, Schmoller, and Wagner, are reputed to have a too great tenderness.

But this only increased the dislike of the old fogies for their colleague. In one way or another the new battle of the books and the theories was carried on until an open break was unavoidable. Professor Bernhard charged unfair discrimination in the matter of arrangements for his lectures, following after another brilliant assault upon state socialism. When these restrictions came to his notice, Professor Bernhard, as we have already said, did the only thing open to a gentleman and a scholar in the eighteenth century—he challenged Professor Seering, the ring-leader against him. It was hoped that the matter might still be hushed up; but when the next morning Professor Bernhard entered his classroom and found a large audience, in his surprise and delight he stated that, while he could not, of course, publicly discuss his quarrel, he could take them sufficiently into his confidence to tell them about his honor and how he had defended it; that his own conduct was perfectly correct, and that of his colleagues, *ach!* so shocking; and that at bottom he was merely battling for what is even dearer to a German professor than his honor, the "liberty of his chair." Now, as anybody can see, while this was no real violation of a confidence, the irate colleagues posted Professor Bernhard on the big, black bulletin-board of the uni-

versity as no gentleman, a direct descendant of Ananias, as well as the violator of a pledge of secrecy, and on the whole an altogether reprehensible person who was hiding behind a chair when he should have been sitting on it. Their friends promptly pointed out that under the statutes of the university the newest and most callow *Privatdozent* could not be interfered with in his liberty to talk all the nonsense he pleased, and, therefore, Professor Bernhard's accusation was manifestly false. So far from interfering with him—they had all tried to make easier a way difficult enough for an outsider. It was not their fault if he had only a few attendants upon his regular lectures, and sought to take for his own those lecture-subjects which in all political economy offer the most sensational features.

Now, as we have said, there is a truce; but it is perfectly obvious that no real happiness can ever be restored to the economic philosophers in Berlin until the outsider disappears. Yet has he not really rendered a great service to political economists everywhere? Every college graduate remembers how difficult political economy was because everything seemed to be in a flux. If you rashly held one view of the law of Malthus or the operation of the corn laws, your professor promptly showed you a half-dozen others and bade you choose. Political economy has been defined as learning what a lot of duffers thought they knew. Now, Professor Bernhard's method of settling economic disputes strikes us as full of merit and likely to bring some certainty into a confused science. If you were a professor at Yale and declared the gold standard to be the only safeguard of the nation, and your colleague of the University of Nebraska believed in 16 to 1, why would it not be a good thing to fill him full of holes on the campus of the University of Chicago as a neutral meeting ground? You could thus obviously demonstrate the correctness of your own position, and at the same time help upward the struggling young instructors who complained before the Carnegie Foundation that no professor of political economy ever resigned or died. As for socialism, what better way could there be of showing its fallacies than by a little rapier discussion in the style of Cyrano de Bergerac? Altogether, we commend this idea to those of our university fac-

ulties who complain that undergraduate football players get more newspaper attention than they do.

THE MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION.

NEW YORK, December 30.

The twenty-eighth annual meeting of the Modern Language Association was held at the College of the City of New York on December 28, 29, and 30. The address of the president, Prof. Brander Matthews, on "The Economic Interpretation of Literary History" called attention to the comparative neglect which histories of literature show towards economic conditions as determining the course and development of literature. They do not sufficiently take into account the possibility that, for instance, the unjust copyright laws of the middle of the last century may be responsible for the sterility of American literature at that time; or that the easy and cheap importation of French plays may account for the barrenness in dramatic production in the mid-Victorian period in England; or that the *Théâtre Français* may have made the French drama what it is. Of the four incentives to write—pay, fame, self-expression, and the serving of an immediate purpose—it has been too little considered how far the first, which is, after all, the most pressing, may be responsible for work done out of due time and in violence to the author's natural predilections. Thus Marlowe, who was an epic genius, and Peele, who was a lyric, wrote plays for which they were not by nature unmistakably qualified, since thus they could earn their bread. Dryden wrote comedies for the same reason, though he was not a dramatist, and Johnson essays, though he wholly lacked the light, facile touch of Addison and Steele. Nearer our own times the beneficent Lyceum system made our production of literature a possibility to the New England writers of the last century.

The general character of the papers read was not up to the standard of interest set within recent years. As many as nine out of the total twenty-five dealt more or less directly with the matter of influences or sources, and when the work or author influenced and the work or author influencing are of no great vital interest in an absolute estimate of literary values, the question of sources is not of engrossing appeal. *Quellenstudien* have received too great prominence in doctoral dissertations and similar products of ambitious scholarship both in this country and in Germany. Of these papers the two possessing chief interest dealt with Sir Walter Scott as a conscious borrower and as an unconscious lender. Dr. S. L. Wolff of Columbia showed pretty conclusively that

Scott used Sidney's "Arcadia" in the composition of "Ivanhoe." A deadly parallel of characters and events, by the mere force of cumulative evidence rather than by any single striking similarity, made it evident that the later writer not only knew the earlier all too well, but also used a special edition. The other paper, by Prof. G. W. Thompson of the University of Maine, readjusted the balance by making clear that what was an offence in Scott had become a crime in his imitator, Wilhelm Hauff. Hauff stole without fear and without reproach from the twenty-one novels of Scott, which we know he had read. There is not a single incident in his "Lichtenstein" which cannot be found in Scott, and the clear cases of borrowing run far up into the hundreds. As an unabashed plagiarist Hauff stands unrivalled.

There was no paper of a purely linguistic character, and none in the field of Anglo-Saxon. There were four in Middle English, one of which was concerned with the relation of Chaucer to Edward III, the other with the question of the evolution of the "Canterbury Tales." In the former paper Samuel Moore of Harvard held that Chaucer's rewards from the King were purely the result of official service, and were not due to any appeal made by his poetry. Prof. C. F. Brown of Bryn Mawr offered a new test by the use of *shal* and *shul* in the best Chaucerian MSS. to apply to theories concerning the evolution of the Tales. Thus the Man of Law's and the Squire's Tales are consistent in their use of *shal*, and would therefore seem to go together, as has already been maintained on other grounds. Prof. A. H. Potter of Brown University brought out the curious fact in literary history that, though there are five editions of the chief poems of Stephen Hawes from 1509 to 1555, there is not a single bit of evidence that any one ever read a line of his works. His "Comfort of Lovers," a curious love allegory, has not been printed since 1510. It is now possible for Professor Potter, who has acquired rotographs of all the first editions, to bring out a definitive edition of Hawes, and to show that he is not the last decadent utterance of the Middle Ages, but one of the first voices to proclaim the Renaissance.

Of the four papers in the province of Elizabethan literature the most stimulating was an analysis of Shylock by Prof. E. E. Stoll of Western Reserve University. It was much after the fashion of the author's paper last year on certain anachronisms in Shakespearean criticism, and developed the theory that Shylock is not to be regarded as the pathetic figure of Irving's presentation, if we attempt to realize Shakespeare's conception. He was a comic character, a villain and a butt, a gross egoist and an atheist. All contemporary evidence

is against treating the Jew as an object of pity; he bore a curse and deserved no sympathy. So, throughout the play, he is scorned and scoffed at by every one. His plea of his common humanity was that, since he was a man, he would have revenge. In the discussion after the paper the point was emphasized that, while we should not read into Shakespeare what is not there, we must find out what is there, and that it is wholly in conformity with the canons of art that the great artist often builds better than he knew. Shakespeare did not share all contemporary prejudices, and Shylock is not the inhuman monster that, for example, Marlowe's Barabas is. He has enough of our humanity to justify the modern broader sympathy for him as a persecuted Jew.

Two extra-departmental addresses were delivered, one by Prof. W. G. Hale of the University of Chicago, on "The Harmonizing of Our Grammatical Nomenclature," the other as a smoke talk by E. M. Shepard of this city. The former, speaking as a professor of Latin, proposed that a common terminology should be adopted for the imperative, subjunctive, and auxiliary mood-uses in the ancient and modern languages. The ideas expressed under such a terminology are those of volition or anticipation, of wish, obligation, propriety, or natural likelihood, of possibility or ideal certainty. At present the terminology is utterly confused and confusing. Mr. Shepard, speaking as a man of affairs, called upon the teachers of modern languages to uphold the lofty standard embodied in a study of the humanities, to make the cause of the classics one with that of modern literatures, and to lead young men to see in life more than that which will lead to the accumulation of wealth in an age absorbed in the pursuit of riches.

The president for the coming year is Prof. L. F. Todd of the College of the City of New York; the vice-presidents are Profs. L. Fossler of the University of Nebraska, W. A. Nitze of the University of Chicago, and C. F. Brown of Bryn Mawr College. The next meeting will be a joint one with the Central Division, and will probably be held in Chicago.

THE SOCIETY OF BIBLICAL LITERATURE.

PHILADELPHIA, January 1.

The annual sessions of the Society of Biblical Literature were held on December 30 and 31 in the new home of the Union Theological Seminary, New York. The attendance was larger than usual and the occasion gave the members an opportunity of inspecting the magnificent and spacious structure. Including the president's address and the report of the American School of Biblical Archaeology in Jerusalem, twenty-six

communications were presented. As usual, the papers on Old Testament themes largely predominated over those devoted to the New Testament—a condition that was commented upon in the report of the corresponding secretary and the chairman of the publication committee, Prof. J. A. Montgomery of the University of Pennsylvania, who urged the New Testament scholars to emulate the energetic "immodesty" of their Old Testament colleagues.

The presiding officer this year was Prof. D. G. Lyon of Harvard University, who chose as the subject of his address a survey of the results and future prospects of archaeological explorations in Palestine. Apart from the great work of the survey of Western Palestine, explorations have been conducted at less than a dozen sites, and in only a few of these has the work been at all exhaustive. The Palestine Exploration Fund of Great Britain has been the most active, as it was the first in the field. The German Exploration Society followed, and more recently important work has been done under Austrian auspices, while our own country is now represented in the excavations carried on by Harvard University at Samaria, with Dr. Lyon as the general director. The work at this site has been made possible through the munificence of a single individual, Jacob H. Schiff of New York, and the results obtained during the past two years are of such a character as to render it most desirable that it should be carried on with even greater vigor.

Prof. Richard Gottheil of Columbia University, who was the director of the American School in Palestine in 1909-10, presented a short but interesting account of the work done by the school during the year of his incumbency. Apart from a number of archaeological excursions to certain important sites, a complete collection was made of all the Arabic inscriptions in Jerusalem, with a view to future publication, and in connection with this task the greater part of the time of the school was devoted to the study of the Mohammedan period of the city's history.

The larger number of the papers were of a highly specialized and technical character, such as that of Prof. Max L. Margolis of the Dropsie College of Philadelphia, on the Word-Accent in Hebrew, which he showed, contrary to the opinion usually expressed in Hebrew grammars, was on the syllable before the last and often on the second syllable from the end of the word. A paper by Prof. Paul Haupt was on the well-known term *Selah*, in the Psalms, about which there have been almost as many opinions as there have been scholars who have written about it. Professor Haupt proposes to take the word from a Semitic stem, signifying to throw, and to regard it as the term to indicate

the moment when, in the temple service, the priests blew on their trumpets as a signal to the people to prostrate themselves.

Among the papers of a more general character was a summary account of the "Religion of the Canaanites," by Professor Paton of Hartford Theological Seminary, which was distinguished by the charm of presentation, as well as by its incisive scholarship. Professor Paton maintains that modern Biblical scholarship does not take into sufficient account the influence of Canaanitish practices on the development of the religion of Israel. The Canaanites represent the agricultural population whom the Hebrews drove out upon their conquest of Palestine, but the conquerors, as often happens, took over the culture and much of the religion of the conquered. The places that became sacred centres, where Jehovah manifested himself to the Hebrews, were in almost all cases, Canaanitish seats of worship. The Hebrew festivals represent the transfer of the agricultural festivals of the Canaanites to which in subsequent times a Hebrew coloring was given by attaching to them a reminiscence of events in the national life of the Hebrews. Thus, before the more primitive aspects of the ancient religion of the Hebrews passed over into Judaism, it was saturated with Canaanitish beliefs and practices. Equally polished in its manner of presentation was Prof. C. C. Torrey's (Yale University) discussion of the authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Against Professor Harnack of Berlin and J. Rendell Harris of Birmingham, Professor Torrey showed the insufficiency of the reasons advanced to prove that the author of the Epistle was a woman. His view, in brief, was that the composition was not an epistle in any strict sense of the word, but an oration or sermon by a master of the rhetorical art, perhaps originally delivered or written in Alexandria in the latter part of the first century and brought to Rome. Through subsequent additions at the close, the sermon—the nearest parallel to which is the fourth Book of Maccabees—was given an epistolary form, and its popularity laid to the rise of the tradition ascribing it to Paul. Another noteworthy New Testament paper was an exhaustive discussion by Prof. B. W. Bacon of Yale University of the two-fold tradition that divided the early Christian church into two camps, one celebrating the resurrection of Jesus annually on the fourteenth of Nisan (corresponding to the seventh of April in the year 30 A.D.—the date of the crucifixion); the other instituting the weekly "Lord's Day." The division ended with the Council of Nice, which definitely established the observance of Sunday. Professor Bacon took the view that the "Quarto-deciman observance" in the East marked symboli-

cally the triumph of life over death, as shown by the annual awakening of nature, whereas in the West the emphasis was laid on the appearance of Jesus on the third day after the crucifixion, which thus became for them the weekly "Lord's Day." An important part was played in this controversy by the phrase "the day after the Sabbath," occurring in the twenty-third chapter of Leviticus, as the beginning of the period of fifty days from Passover to Pentecost. A paper by Professor Jastrow of the University of Pennsylvania on this phrase followed. There were chiefly two views current among the Jews, regarding the expression, the orthodox view or opinion of rabbis being that "Sabbath" here meant the first day of Passover, whereas the heretical Jewish sects, including the Samaritans and, in later times, the Karaites, took the word literally to mean Sunday, so that Pentecost, according to this view always fell on a Sunday. The new Christian sect adopted the heterodox view. Professor Jastrow showed that the word sabbath in this connection did not mean the weekly day of rest, but was a survival of the original application of the term—established by cuneiform evidence—to designate the day of full-moon, i. e., the fifteenth (or fourteenth) day of the month. In two passages in Leviticus, the term, therefore, describes the fifteenth day of Nisan, not as a festival day, but merely as the middle of the month.

The Rev. John P. Peters of New York had an interesting suggestion for the famous phrase at the beginning of Genesis, "The spirit of Elohim hovering over the face of the deep," which he explained as a reminiscence of the god Marduk—the hero of the Babylonian creation epic—driving the evil winds into the face of the monster Tiamat, of which the Hebrew word for "deep" *Tehôm* is the equivalent. Instead of "hovering over" the verb used refers to the movement of the wind striking the face of *Tehôm* or Tiamat. The original conception of the myth has been modified in the adaptation of the old tale to a monotheistic view of creation, through the fiat of a great power behind and above the universe. The important question as to the original pronunciation of the "Ineffable Name" usually transcribed *Jahovah* or *Yahovah* by modern scholars was discussed by Prof. A. T. Clay of Yale University, who showed on the basis of recent evidence brought forward by the ostraca found at Samaria, and on an ostrakon found at Nippur and recently published by Professor Montgomery, that the correct form of the name was in all probability *Yāwe*—as handed down by Theodoret and others. When combined in proper names with other elements, the form became *Yaw*, with the final vowel syncope.

Prof. E. D. Burton of the University of Chicago was elected president for the

ensuing year. Before adjourning, the society passed resolutions strongly advocating the continuance of the excavations at Samaria.

M. J., JR.

Correspondence

FRESHMAN COMPOSITION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter to the *Nation* of December 1, the method of teaching English in the freshman year is seriously questioned. The prevailing method is defined as the teaching of literature with the emphasis on the historical side; and the teaching of composition which requires a study of "models of style," and the writing of themes "in which the main emphasis is placed upon form, and not upon ideas, the purpose being to give the student a command of good clear English which he will find useful whenever in later life he has any ideas to express." With the first aspect of this definition, this letter will not deal; but it may be said in passing that there should be in the early part of the college curriculum a course required of all students which presents literature as literature. It is, however, with the second part of the definition that I am concerned; that is, with the proposition that in the teaching of English and composition the emphasis should be on what is said, not on how it is said. Now the present writer believes that the freshman year is the time to teach the student how to write; that the prevailing method as defined is a sound method. But it must be understood in the beginning that the study of English composition cannot be separated from the study of literature; and, furthermore, that the study of form cannot be separated from the study of ideas. The question is not literature versus composition, or manner versus matter, but it is a question of emphasis.

In the first place, the freshman knows only in a limited degree how to write. Satisfactory as his production may be in some respects, it is nevertheless merely a "gob" of ideas; a mass of material without a vital organization and innocent of a definite purpose, or of proportion, or of progression. This being granted, the freshman year would seem to be the time to master the problem of expression, for it is desirable that the student be free, as soon as possible, to give his whole attention to ideas; an impossible condition when he dares not leave the beaten track of the simple declarative sentence, and does not know the psychological function of the paragraph. In short, the student should in the freshman year develop a clear idea of form, and should practise shaping his ideas, until form becomes as ready a servant to his will as are his feet and hands. "But if he has no ideas, how can he shape them?" It is asked. It is not true that he has none; he has ideas and plenty of them, but they are not of the same order as those of the instructor.

"But we mean to accomplish all this certainly," we hear the advocate of ideas proclaiming. Get your student to think, and then with the guidance of principles (which, we must remember, he has never studied and which he does not know the reason for) he will write successfully. Even if it were possible to cultivate most robust ideas on

politics, society, or art, the form in which those ideas would be expressed would not necessarily be such as to convey the ideas. The testimony of such writers as Huxley and Stevenson would uphold the point, if one needed such testimony after reading many freshman themes on which one inscribes in red ink, "Promising work"; for it is a very common experience to find freshman work in which there is vigor and personality, but work which is at the same time ineffective through ignorance of the laws of expression. It is true that the kind of thinking one does has a direct effect upon form; but it must also be remembered that it is the mission of form to cultivate the right kind of thinking.

A knowledge of form is, moreover, the surest guide to the mastery of ideas. Once the student sees that every good writer lays out his ideas according to a pattern, that there is a certain logical plan underlying the whole essay, or poem, or textbook, he is able to grasp ideas, as the writer intended, in their proper relationships. Ask a freshman to read an essay for the ideas there, and he will report them as if they were all on the same level and will often show no subordination. Ask him to read the same essay with a view to writing out a plan which shall represent the thought and he will then be obliged to follow in the footsteps of the creator. A knowledge of form then, is not to be regarded as something which interferes with the understanding of ideas, but as a something without which ideas cannot be caught. In point of fact, a freshman course in English, with the emphasis on form, is a course in the laws of human expression; and guided by such a course the student will come to realize that the point of literature lies not only in *what* is said, but in *how* it is said; for all that has been said in literature was said many times before it found its final saying.

ADA L. F. SNELL.

Mount Holyoke College, December 20.

THE SEQUENCE OF FORD'S PLAYS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The dramatist John Ford has left us two plays in which he collaborated with other writers, and seven which were wholly his own. The date of composition for some of these dramas is reasonably obvious; that of others has been considered very uncertain. On this point I wish to offer a little evidence, which, though not conclusive, may be of value. If we examine the metrical details of Ford's plays as other men have examined Shakespeare's, we find that they fall into three groups, which I have called Period I, Period II, and Period III. The criteria employed are (a) use of rhyme; (b) use of double or feminine endings; (c) use of triple endings, as in the following lines:

This stranger, an Athenian, named Parthenophil.
There's not a page, a groom, nay, not a citizen.

The results of these tests are shown in the following table:

TABLE I—EXTERNAL EVIDENCE.

PERIOD I.

Love's Sacrifice: published 1633.
'Tis Pity: published 1633. Ambiguously called by Ford, "these first fruits of my leisure."

PERIOD II.

Sun's Darling: acted at Cockpit in 1624. (The metrical table below considers only Ford's probable share in this play.)

Lover's Melancholy: acted at Blackfriars and Globe, 1628.
Broken Heart: printed 1633.
Perkin Warbeck: printed 1634.

PERIOD III.

Fancies Chaste: printed 1638.
Lady's Trial: performed for the first time at the Cockpit theatre, 1638.

TABLE II—METRICAL EVIDENCE.

	Rhyming pentameter lines.	Unrhyming pentameter lines.	Ratio of double endings to unrhyming lines.	Number of triple endings.
L. S.	90	1541	14.9%	4
T. P.	104	1407	14.9%	12
B. D.	108	337	35.3%	28
L. M.	44	1781	36.7%	92
B. H.	42	2285	46.2%	187
P. W.	23	2310	42.6%	148
F. C.	2	1779	60.3%	228
L. T.	4	1998	41.7%	98

[N. B.—In "Sun's Darling" the amount of rhyme is probably increased by the nature of the play. The date for "Lady's Trial" is on the authority of Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, Vol. I, p. 464. I have omitted "The Witch of Edmonton," chiefly because it is so difficult to separate the work of the three authors in that play.]

Although I have arranged the plays of each period in that order which I think most probable, I make no attempt to justify the order within the three periods, but simply the three periods themselves. My position in regard to the second and third periods is supported by all the external evidence which we possess, and is the one adopted by Dyce in his edition and by Havellock Ellis in the Mermaid Series. For the two plays of the first period there is no external evidence except the very ambiguous statement about "Tis Pity," given in my table. Dyce and Ellis put them after "The Lover's Melancholy" in their editions, but assume no responsibility for that order. The fact that "Tis Pity" is usually considered Ford's masterpiece forms no objection, for Ford was thirty-eight when the "Sun's Darling" was acted at the Cockpit, and might easily have written a masterpiece three or four years earlier. The very fact that he published three of his most powerful plays in one year, 1633, shows that he must have written two of them some time earlier, and we know that Elizabethan plays were frequently written years before they were printed. The fact that "Tis Pity" and "Love's Sacrifice" are put first among his extant plays by no means implies that they were the earliest ones he wrote. On the contrary, a lost drama of his was acted as early as 1613, and six other lost plays of his are of early or of unknown date.

My suggested order, then, has nothing in it either unreasonable or in conflict with known facts. Now a word as to the value of the evidence presented. It is obvious that Ford's double endings do not increase steadily from play to play, but there is no reason why they should. The point is this, that in all the plays of the second and third periods masculine and feminine endings are mixed together in nearly equal proportions. This probably represents two influences, the desire of the poet to gain a conversational variety in his verse, and a conscious imitation of Fletcher. In the same way, although the number of triple endings varies greatly, through the last two periods they are always used so frequently that they represent a characteristic

trait and a conscious effort toward particular effects. In the plays of the first period, on the other hand, double endings are in a marked minority, and triple endings occur so rarely that they seem merely the result of chance forces. In other words, the blank verse of the first period shows no imitation of Fletcher, and is better adapted for pure poetry than for staged dialogue; the blank verse of the second and third periods shows a marked Fletcherian influence, and by the conversational variety of its effects is especially adapted to stage presentation. The verse of the first period perhaps is at times better poetry; the verse of the later periods points to a longer dramatic experience.

Then, just as the first period is separated from the others by its use of endings, so the third period is separated from both the earlier ones by its avoidance of rhyme. Ford's use of rhyme, through all his work, is confined chiefly to the rhyming couplet at the end of a scene or significant passage, supplemented occasionally by a rhyming letter, quotation, or oracle. In other words, rhyming with him is a matter of dramatic technique rather than of meter. This does not lessen, but rather increases its value as a test. The steady decrease of rhyme through his plays, which becomes especially marked in the two that are almost certainly his last, seems to represent the gradual fading away of a stage convention which the poet was outgrowing. There is one rhyme in "The Lady's Trial" which I think accidental. Aside from this, each of these dramas has no rhyme except the final couplet, which ends the play.

I do not offer the above figures as conclusive proof, nor have I much sympathy with those men who would make mathematics the sole criterion of poetry in the work of either Ford or Shakespeare, but if my tables can be brought into line with other and more purely literary evidence, either of chronological sequence, or of some powerful external influence on the poet, they may prove useful.

FREDERICK E. PIERCE.

Yale University, December 10.

SINGLE TAX.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A correspondent in your issue of November 17 asks that the moral sanction for the single tax—if any such exists—should have a little passing attention bestowed on it by the *Nation* in connection with certain developments that are said to be taking place at Cleveland, O.

What one man may not do, many men may not do. Let a person walk into a shop and demand, on pain of distraining, a sum of money equal to the rent, and explain he is going to do public good with it—if he morally dares. If he put bits of paper into a ballot-box and shook them about for an hour, that would not give him a moral right he did not possess before. Or, if he elected himself to be his own representative, or elected some one else to be that, he could not bring something out of nothing. A number of men committing depredations in a street could not plead when brought into court that they acted *collectively*. They would be told they could not do together what they could not do separately. Every magistrate enunciates individualism from

the bench from time to time. "The last of the Individualists" will have "disappeared" the day when a schoolmaster can teach a class, how, by the addition of negative numbers, a positive number can emerge.

The only scientific road that has ever yet been pointed out as leading out of the organized anarchism toward which most governments are drifting is that pointed out by the individualists. Voluntary taxation is the ideal that one would look to see advocated more and more from generation to generation in every free country. For the protection of their personal rights, all men would contribute towards government and support it; and the only way to get a government that would be for all would be to get a government that stood for freedom, and for the rights of the individual man. The ultimate object of the confiscation of rent is well known to be the confiscation of land altogether. That the thrifty owners of farms and homes built on allotments throughout the United States should have their labor sequestered and their property divided up to make the thriftless classes happy under some political scheme is something that no man who did not abandon honesty on entering politics could for a moment think of without anger. The world has been plagued too long by would-be reformers who were prepared to bring about the millennium with a turn of the hand, if only allowed to throw all human rights into hotch-pot and parcel out the universe by their drawing-office plans. If one can speak of the "intention" of impersonal nature, it is safe to say the thriftless class is intended to be landless and propertyless.

Where property can be improved in value by the change in the community about it, property can also be diminished in value from the same cause. Such diminution can often be seen in the case of residential property, and of business property which may become surrounded by a poorer class of residents than was originally catered for.

The public of Cleveland is not compelled to do business in the Public Square. If extra money is not spent on the shops there to make them attractive, commodious, and adapted for a growing trade, the public will, manifestly, do its shopping elsewhere. And then the centre of Cleveland is liable to move. The centres of old towns in Europe and this country are always on the drift. Where a person is far-seeing enough to buy where the centre will some day be, and then his, or his descendants', profits are confiscated, there is a breach of tacit agreement committed which could only be called by one short word. We are not all Socialists yet, and the views set forth above are what some readers think on the subject of the Single Tax.

JOHN D. SPENCE.

Seattle, Wash., December 8.

PEACE AND ARMAMENTS OF WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Roosevelt, in his recent Nobel lecture delivered in Cambridge, spoke warmly in favor of the cause of international peace, and added words to this effect:

(a) Were the United States without a powerful navy our voice in international

council could be of no more value to the cause of peace than that of China.

My preacher said yesterday:

(b) If the plans of the International Peace Society were carried out and all armament not necessary for police work disbanded, some fine day would see our shores invaded by five hundred million hostile Chinese and Japanese.

Should we not urge our friends, the advocates of a stronger navy, in the language of the examination paper, to "take (a) or (b), but not both"?

A HARVARD PROFESSOR.

Cambridge, Mass., December 19.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNDER DOG."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I call your attention to the fact that "The Under Dog," referred to in the article on "Recent German Poetry" in the *Nation* of December 15, is not by Elsa Barker, but David Barker of Exeter, Me. An edition of his poems before me bears the imprint: "Bangor, Maine | O. F. Knowles & Co., printers | 1887." READER.

Bangor, Me., December 18.

Literature

RECENT VERSE.

Visions. By Thomas Durley Landels. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. \$1 net.

Poems. By Frederick George Scott. London: Constable & Co.

The Town Down the River: A Book of Poems. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.

To the Unborn Peoples and Other Poems. By Ellen M. H. Gates. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. \$1 net.

The Chained Titan: A Poem of Yesterday and To-day. By W. G. Hole. London: G. Eell & Sons.

Sable and Purple with Other Poems. By William Watson. New York: John Lane Co. \$1.25 net.

The Closed Book and Other Poems. By Leolyn Louise Everett. New York: Wessels & Blissell Co. \$1.25 net.

The Border of the Lake. By Agnes Lee. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. \$1 net.

Pietro of Siena: A Drama. By Stephen Phillips. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1 net.

The Hill o' Dreams and Other Verses. By Helen Lanyon. New York: John Lane Co. \$1 net.

Song-Surf. By Cale Young Rice. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.25 net.

Hyllus: A Drama. By Ralph Cheever Dunning. New York: John Lane Co. \$1.25 net.

What is particularly baffling to the habitual reader of current verse is the difficulty of detecting any larger spirit

blowing through it all and ordering it to one common issue in the end. Much of it is merely inadvertent; the writers never repeat their initial indiscretion. Even that which shows some sort of conviction moves to as many motives as there are poets. All that can be said of it in a general way is that, on the whole, it seems inclining to develop a kind of racial consciousness as contrasted with the individual temper of the past. There are, of course, the usual humanitarian themes. Mr. Landels illustrates them as well as any one—indeed, he does the social indictment rather better than most; and, as in so many other cases, it is the best thing he does:

Frances O'Flannigan, seamstress, of thirty-two Paradise Alley,
Found in her room by the neighbors, dead
('twas the morning of Christmas),
Lying so still and so white on a bundle of straw in the corner;
Peacefully sleeping, they thought, till they touched her, and lo, she was marble!
Peacefully praying, they thought, for her thin hands were crossed on her bosom!
Coldly the gray morning dawned, and peered through the rickety window;
Coldly the gray morning light crept thro' the desolate chamber—
Only a broken-down chair, and a box that had served for a table;
Never a stick in the grate, and never a crust in the cupboard,
Never a blanket to warm her, but only her poor tattered garment!
There like a statue she lay, Frances O'Flannigan, seamstress . . .
Only a seamstress! Who cares for the years she has fought with starvation,
Labored from morning to night in her garret despairing and cheerless,
Working her hands to bone, like a slave that is chained to the galleys,—
Yielding her blood drop by drop to the demons of fashion and cheapness!
"Died from starvation," say they? "Murdered" 's the verdict of Heaven,—
Murdered by Sleek, the fat draper, and you, my fine ladies of fashion!

But this is not all. While this sort of thing is fairly familiar by this time, there is also a disposition to stretch the elementary sympathy for humanity in such a way as to include the vital experiences of nature and the generations of animal life as a whole. It is in this direction, if anywhere, that the modern epic is to be looked for—in the strange adventure of evolution. In fact, wherever a voice is heard to speak with assurance, you shall find that the singer is inspired by this new sense of kinship with things that grow and change. It may be only a vague recognition of a common impulsion and unrest with matter, as in Mr. Scott's "Natura Victrix":

Nature! at whose will are driven
Tides of ocean, winds of heaven,
Thou who rulest near and far
Forces grappling sun and star.
Is to thee the knowledge given
Whence these came and what they are?
Is thy calm the calm of knowing

Whence the force is, whither going?
Is it but the blank despair
Of the wrecked, who does not care,
Out at sea, what wind is blowing
To the death that waits him there?

Mother Nature, stern aggressor,
Of thy child the mind-possessor,
Thou art in us like a flood,
Wellings through our thought and blood—
Force evolving great from lesser,
As the blossom from the bud.

Or again, as in Mr. Robinson's "Calverly's," it may consist with a vain regret for the impermanence and fleetness of the individual, the creature of a hapless and haunting memory:

We go no more to Calverly's,
For there the lights are few and low;
And who are there to see by them,
Or what they see, we do not know.
Poor strangers of another tongue
May now creep in from anywhere,
And we, forgotten, be no more
Than twilight on a ruin there.

We two, the remnant. All the rest
Are cold and quiet. You nor I,
Nor fiddle now, nor flagon-lid,
May ring them back from where they lie.
No fame delays oblivion
For them, but something yet survives:
A record written fair, could we
But read the book of scattered lives.

We cannot have them here with us
To say where their light lives are gone,
Or if they be of other stuff
Than are the moons of Ilion.
So, be their place of one estate
With ashes, echoes, and old wars,—
Or ever we be of the night,
Or we be lost among the stars.

Or once more, this sense of mutability may combine with a vision of succession equally fugitive and tantalizing, as in Miss Gates's "To the Unborn Peoples":

Hail! Hail! to you, ye glorious hosts,
Ye formless shapes that haunt us now;
Ye gathering tribes, unresting ghosts,
Behold us here, as low we bow
In salutation to our Kind;
Our kindred dear, whose blood will be
As red as ours, whose hands will find
To rooms we found not, door and key.

Ye waiting Ones that bide your time,
Ye too shall know of joy and pain;
The storms will smite the hills you climb;
The sun will scorch you on the plain;
The seas will lure you; you will go
In paths our ships may never find;
On Isles unknown and peaks of snow,
Your tribes will camp, your horns will wind.

Ye unborn Peoples, we have tried
To march in ranks where none retreat;
In rifts of rocks our records hide,
And you may find them, when your feet
Shall stand in places where our hands
Were torn and soiled by thorn and grime,
To you we leave the Seas and Lands,
And all the glorious spoils of Time.

But whatever form it takes, the feeling is present in some form or other; and now and then it comes to perfectly clear and self-conscious expression, as in Mr. Hole's "The Chained Titan," a long and

elaborate apologue, in which the humanitarian and the racial are inextricably mingled and the whole melancholy procession of mortality parades its wrongs and misery before the agonized Prometheus:

Lifting eyes,
I saw within the mist pale spectre forms
In flight grotesque, each blind to each, with
all
The dreams, the treacheries, hates, and pitiless greeds
That urged them on so hideously betrayed
I feared to turn lest that I gazed upon
Might prove but pictures thrown upon the mist,
As on a waving screen, by one whose face
Leered devilish through the darkness.
Such the stir;
So were the shadows driven by blindfold hopes,
Despair and furious passions that the night
Was rent by soundless cries and blasphemies;
Unheard appeals from drifting multitudes
Troubled by their own dreams were hurled
at heaven,
While spectres, dragged down vortices of fate,
Stretched hands in vain for help. In the far gloom
Amorphous shadows—Famine, Pestilence,
Contagious Fears, and Death that softly runs
And seizes unawares—took grisly shape
From men's imaginations. Dragon-winged,
With fiery eyes, insatiate swallow, these
Battered upon the flocking human shades
Even as fierce monsters, ravening plough
their way
With dreadful jaws a-gape through hapless shoals
In oceans refugeless. . . .

While in the midst
The ghostlike sense of deathly silence grew
Where never life had been nor any sound,
And crept and lengthened as the darkness creeps
Dogging the evening sun.

Even Mr. Watson's King Alfred is teased by dreams of instability and revolution; while the praise that he himself apporions to King Edward is largely for his participation in the common shifty human heritage:

A man not too remote, or too august,
For other mortal children of the dust
To know and to draw near.

On the other hand, it is equally remarkable that those poets who continue to speak for the individual, do so despondingly and with faint heart. Without confidence in his own fixity he is able to find no stay, no principle of support outside of himself—only a flux and ceaseless agitation. In the words of Miss Everett's "Eternal Question,"

Gray mist, gray sea, and a slow, wailing wind,
Swaying the sullen water to a stir
Of unvoiced heartache, silence desolate
That pains to anguish, vacancy, and lo,
Out of the dark, a voice, greeting, and then
The voiceless fog again, the waste of sea,
Oh, thou great God, is this the whole of life?

At best, as in Miss Lee's "Before Sleep,"

he can but cover his eyes and drink the potion of forgetfulness:

O child of weeping, here's the night!
O child of struggle, rest thee now.
Let peace come nestle on thy brow.
Put out the light—

Nor back into the battle hark.
Now in thy room at evening's goal
Put out the light. And in thy soul
Put out the dark.

With such a spirit abroad it is not to be wondered at that drama is slight and ineffectual. In particular it would be amazing if there were any widespread interest in tragedy or appreciation for it. Even Mr. Phillips owes his success to a panoramic effect of movement and variety rather than to any profound revelation of the seats of character. His "Pietro of Siena," which has something the same thesis as "Measure for Measure," is less striking as a trial of stability of soul than as a play of feeling and incident. Beside the work of a Racine its consciousness is astonishingly thin and superficial. But it contains passages of Mr. Phillips's admirable poetry, not the worst of which is the soliloquy with which Luigi anticipates execution. It is worth comparing with the words of Claudio in a similar situation:

And now not only Nature shakes off sleep,
But now the laborer to the field repairs
To dig the sweet earth, or to clip the hedge,
Or through the furrow follow on the plough.
Now wakes the young wife, and but half-awake

Kisses the dreaming babe beside her laid,
While all her deep heart murmurs in its ear.
The soldier starts up to the trumpet-call;
The shopman takes the shutter from the shop,

And in the window carefully displays
His wares; the trim girl into market trips;
And many a memory stares up at the sun.

And whether sad or sweet the world awake
Whirls with a million graves about the sun,
Life, life begins! And I this hour must die.
And who knows that we cease who seem to cease?

If I must answer, ere the dawn is full,
For all my faults and folly, and to whom?
Haled before him who made me, or to view
A heavy river rolling amid souls,
Or to remember in an outer dark?
Life! Life! I cannot die, I dare not die.

Naturally, there are poets who avoid contemporary problems altogether and take refuge in some quiet chamber of the fancy aloof from all such vexatious concerns. And very grateful they are, too, after the fret and worry of things unsettled. Among others there is Miss Lanyon, who practises agreeably a kind of artificial Irish ballad or folk-song, and who strikes out occasionally an unaffected lyric with a little something by no means unpleasant or added modern refinement about it:

For a sword into my hand,
For a sign above my door,
For a word upon my mouth,
For a way my feet before.

For the road, and the road's end,
For the work and for the dream,
For the ship with straining sail,
For the harbor-lights that gleam. . . .

For the upward-winding track,
For the shining peaks above,
For all time and for to-day
In God's Name—I take your love.

Mr. Rice, too, in his "Song-Surf," which is republished from a foreign edition of his verse and may not be familiar to the American reader, follows much the track, in his "At Winter's End," "where pure description," in Pope's words, "takes the place of sense":

The weedy fallows winter-worn,
Where cattle shiver under sodden hay.
The plough-lands long and lorn—
The fading day.

The sullen shudder of the brook,
And winds that wring the withren trees in vain
For drearier sound or look—
The lonely rain.

The crows that train o'er desert skies
In endless caravans that have no goal
But flight—where darkness flies—
From Pole to Pole.

While even more frankly Mr. Dunning takes the part of "presenting the least possible surface to the blows of circumstance by immersing himself in the study of Greek" and producing a tragedy in the general manner of the antique models on the subject of Hyllus, the son of Herakles. To be sure, he sacrifices a certain kind of interest and curiosity in doing so; but if he demands of the reader a corresponding amount of literary detachment, he succeeds in making it worth while. Perhaps the speech in which Hyllus reveals the motive of the piece is as quotable as any, where the business of the play is so closely pursued as to make extraction difficult:

World, O world too wide,
O staring stars upon the moon-blest sea
And wide-winged night upon the waves thereof,

O quiet cove and whispering airs of spring
Abroad upon the sea and blessed land
So fair unto my feet and good to feel:
Faint lights upon the hill-side that I know
And thou, O girl, the body of all these. . . .
How have I prayed thee, being apart and far.

Yea farther hence than many eagle flights.
Where all the home gods end and strange begin
And prayer falls pointless lacking names to call.

I made to thee an altar in a wood
Of holy pines and prayed so, and my prayer
Befell like peace to purge the nights of fear:

Nor any beast grew bold and all wild gods
Restrained their wills from mischief:
whence my feet

Trod ever a good ground nor knew a snare,
This fell from but the naming of thy name,
A goddess then: likewise all lesser gods
And Artemis high-souled had honor done.
But Aphrodite was not one of these:
Thou wert mine Aphrodite—unto thee

The white dove bled and higher thoughts
rose up
Beyond all flight or spirit of dead birds
Or smoke of incense.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Doctor's Christmas Eve. By James Lane Allen. New York: The Macmillan Co.

When "The Bride of the Mistletoe" appeared a year ago, Mr. Allen announced two sequels to follow, the second of which was to be named "A Brood of the Eagle." His change of the latter title to "The Doctor's Christmas Eve" is indicative of the seriousness with which he takes every detail of his work. The reason for the change is, to be sure, not apparent. In the earlier tale (or study) the "eternal trio" are presented in the persons of a Southern college professor, his wife (the "bride of the mistletoe"), and a country doctor who, in love with the bride, has married another woman. The doctor has never breathed his passion, but it is in some way known to his wife, his children, and his neighbors, as well as to its blameless object. We have here pictured the second generation, which is possessed of an uncanny insight into the secrets and faults of the elder. These are, taken literally, such children as never were, in any age or clime. Their thoughts, like their vocabulary, are such as might conceivably belong to little old men and women dressed in abbreviated garments. But Mr. Allen's persons, for that matter, can never be taken literally. They are emotional apparitions, moving in a plane of intense and strained sensibility, haunted by uneasy dreams of sex. The discovery that her husband has something of the elemental and universal male about him comes to the bride with a shock of insult. The professor himself is ashamed of his normal and healthy instincts. The doctor is wretched for years because he cannot forget the sex of another man's wife. As we have said before, in speaking of Mr. Lane's fiction, there is something mawkish and morbid in the processes of a mind perpetually preoccupied with the "mystery" of the sex-relation. We seem to be eavesdropping at a private confessional, or sharing the dreams of an anchorite. Mr. Allen is very insistent as to the Americanism of his setting and his people. There could be nothing less characteristically American than the quality of his imagination. It is Gallic rather, and decadently Gallic. It is clear that Mr. Allen does not, and cannot, grasp this fact. "The Doctor's Christmas Eve" gratefully lacks those touches of sensual description which occurred in "The Choir Invisible" and "The Bride of the Mistletoe." But the old animus is here, the mainspring of the action is the same. The fact of this monotonous preoccupation—should

we say obsession?—is the stranger because this writer does not lack humor of detail. The following bit is worthy of the year which produced "Chantecler":

Then out in the henhouse a superannuated rooster drew his long single-shooter out of its feather and leather case, cocked it, and fired a volley point-blank at the rafters; the sound seemed made up of drowsiness, a sore throat, general gallantry, and a notice that he kept his eye on the sun even when he had no idea where it was—the early Christmas clarion!

But humor denies here its larger protection; and the result is a product labored and pretentious rather than alive and potent.

Not Guilty. By W. E. Norris. New York: Brentano's.

A story which opens with the arrest and trial of a young Englishman of good birth on a charge of murder might naturally be expected to carry one among the intricate paths of detective romance. The first chapter, with its minute account of the circumstances of the crime, seems to offer excellent material for Scotland Yard to bungle, and for the young amateur sleuth, male or female, to make hay with. But Stephen Haverfield's fate lies not in the hands of any inspired grocer's clerk or seamstress. If it were not for the presence of an undeniable adventuress, the tale, despite its premises, might be designated as of the harmless rural British type, bringing together a reformed man about town and a fair country-bred English girl in a pleasant idyll. If the modern novel had sufficiently marked points to be recognized as a breed of literature, we should incline to rate this story as a mongrel. But Mr. Norris has here, as always, so amiable a manner of presenting his tale that the general reader will not be likely to quarrel with him on the ground of its somewhat flimsy substance. It is the "idle hour" type of commodity, and sufficiently good of its kind. The death-bed confession by means of which young Stephen is eventually vindicated suggests the sort of machinery with which the writer is fain to content himself. Thereafter, the idyllic strain is heard without interruption.

The Shears of Destiny. By Leroy Scott. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Henry Drexel is a young American man of business, and Olga Valenko is a young Russian Princess, and it is quite natural that, between the cloth covers of a popular romance, they should find themselves born for each other. More strangely it happens that the fates and destinies and such branches of learning forbid their marriage on the last page: though hopes are thrown out for the future. The Princess Olga's father is Mil-

itary Governor of St. Petersburg, and she herself is a revolutionary: hence the plot. Into the details of the incidents which press upon one another's heels with the rapidity of the negatives of a biograph, we need not go. Enough to say that the business is managed with a good deal of skill. That is, the story is romantically correct in the sense in which a play is theatrically correct. There are a variety of minor figures, including an American capitalist and an American correspondent; while the scene bristles with Russians of all degrees, from the noble Prince Berloff to "The White One," mysterious leader of the revolutionists. A good time-killer for the indolent reader.

Let the Roof Fall In. By Frank Danby. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The opening chapter of this book plunges one into a state of depression. It is a clever introduction to throw into strong relief the character of Derrick Malone, who suddenly finds himself the unwilling successor to the title and estate of his cousin, Terence, Lord of Ranmore. When Terence, dying and half in delirium, pleads with Derry to make right some great wrong which involves the girl Rosaleen at Ranmore Castle, Derry promises. Derry's loyalty to his promise in keeping Terence's name spotless from the mother and sister, and the obligations under which his promise places him, help to form a plot into which the various types of people and changing scenes are ingeniously introduced. The largeness of Derry's nature and his simple sincerity dominate the whole and are shown in the unselfishness of his love for Rosaleen, as well as in his inability to recognize the feline craftiness of Lady Carry in making him her tool. The climax is reached through her maliciousness. Rosaleen, imagining herself a hindrance to Derry, makes a great sacrifice for him. Through it, however, circumstances force a reconciliation between Derry and his family, condemnations are turned to blessings, and Castle Ranmore is saved from ruin.

The close of the book falls below the standard set in the preceding pages. All obstacles that would interfere with the happiness of the principal characters are fearlessly obliterated. To those whose habit it is to read the last page of a book before they are well into the first chapter, this may be a comfort.

PRAGMATISM.

Pragmatism and Its Critics. By Addison Webster Moore. University of Chicago Press. \$1.36 postpaid.

When Professor James died, last August, it may have seemed to those who are acquainted only with the more popular literature of philosophy, that Pragmatism had no longer a representative

in this country who could make the new view both intelligible and interesting. Readers of the more technical journals of course, knew better; and Professor Moore of the University of Chicago, by the publication of his new book, has shown to all who will read it that Pragmatism has still a champion who can defend and expound her doctrines, not indeed with the grace and charm of style of her lost leader, but in a manner that is almost always clear and is often captivating.

The book consists really of two parts, the first (chapters one to five) being in substance the course of lectures on "The Origin and Meaning of Pragmatism," which Mr. Moore delivered at the University of Chicago in 1908; while the second part is made up of a number of papers, written and published at various times, in answer to various critics. These papers are here printed with but little change, and this is unfortunate, for the result is that the book, in spite of its pleasant style, is notably lacking in unity. The first five chapters form a unitary whole and presuppose in the reader little or no previous knowledge of the subject; but the last seven jump from topic to topic in bewildering fashion, determined only by the chance happenings of that external environment of whose influence the pragmatist is, in theory, so skeptical. Moreover, most of these answers to critics presuppose for their thorough comprehension a considerably more detailed statement of the criticisms in question than the limitations of his space allowed the author to give.

Mr. Moore's presentation of Pragmatism differs from that of most of his predecessors in saying relatively little on the threadbare topics of truth and knowledge, and in emphasizing chiefly the three following points: "(1) the historical background of the pragmatic movement; (2) the central rôle of the conception of evolution in the development of pragmatism; (3) the social, or perhaps better, the 'situational' character of consciousness and a *fortiori* of thinking."

The story telling how Pragmatism came to be needed and how it actually arose is among the best things in the book. It all started (what did not?) with the Greeks. Their early ways of viewing things did not "work," and these failures of theirs and their general lack of unanimity, therefore, constituted a new problem. The existence of such a problem led to the view that knowledge was something *an sich*—a special sort of instinct, quite as separate and distinct as the others. Starting with this supposition, the sophists proposed as a solution of the problem their subjective, almost solipsistic view of the individual consciousness. But if the sophists were right, how could there be any such thing as agreement between

different "minds"? Hereupon Plato, accepting the sophists' psychology, came to the rescue with his intellectualistic metaphysics, which has been the basis of all metaphysics ever since. This postulated the existence of an absolute and static Reality which should give truth to our ideas and righteousness to our ideals. Unfortunately, however, after this hypothesis had been tried for some few thousand years, with no great success, it became more and more apparent that the assumed absolute Reality gave, and could give, no actual help to either our ideals or our ideas. Hence, at last, the rise of Pragmatism, or that general tendency in modern thought which assumes no static reality (because it finds and needs none), and which points out that there is no datum in our experience which our ideas do not help to make.

For Pragmatism insists that we shall be thoroughgoing with our conception of evolution and not half-way believers. Not only forms and species have been evolved, but the very laws of evolution themselves. In short, according to the pragmatic view, there is not a single part or phase or element of the universe—whether a material being or a moral purpose—which remains eternally immune to change.

The great and determining element in this evolution, so far as we are concerned, is thought. All the reality that we can ever know is influenced by thought; and, conversely, all thought is a way of actively influencing reality. Ideas are not static and representative; they are dynamic, functional, tools for readjustment, "plans of action." Pragmatism is thus a part of the modern advance and a product of the modern spirit which refuses to be dominated by mere brute fact and external authority. "The very essence of modern humanity is the desire and determination to have a voice and a vote in the cosmic councils." And the progress which modern humanity has made has been everywhere through the use of ideas as its tools.

So repeatedly and ardently does Mr. Moore impress upon us the power of ideas in altering reality that the reader is likely to get the impression that this is a newly discovered fact just patented by the pragmatists and denied by every one else. And yet one can hardly suppose that Mr. Moore really thinks any one could be found who would seriously question it. Surely it is not here that the pragmatists and their opponents part company. The crux comes only with the further question, *Why* do ideas work?—or, to be more exact (since all ideas work somehow), *Why* do some ideas work "in the way they set out to work," while others fail to do so? Is not the only satisfactory answer to be sought in the fact that some ideas are *true*, while others are not? And if you completely identify the truth

of an idea with its successful working, have you not made an answer to the above-raised question forever impossible?

In other words, from the very fact that some ideas work so much better than others, it should seem that the conditioning environment, which thought does not make, is of considerably more importance than one would judge on reading Mr. Moore's book. Possibly the influence of thought needed to be emphasized more than that of the environment; but by putting all the emphasis in one place our author has certainly given us a rather one-sided view of the nature of things.

Organically connected with this inability to see both sides is the chronic pragmatic blindness toward the representative nature of ideas, and from this Mr. Moore suffers no less than do his brothers. All will admit that ideas are functional; but are they only functional? In certain relations they may be regarded as "plans of action," but are they not also representative? Is it really good description to call the judgment, "America was discovered in 1492," a "plan of action"? If all ideas are functional, is not representation at least one of their functions? And if so, does not this representation depend for its truth on something more immediate than the question how, later on, they succeed in working?

Doubtless the pragmatist will have his reply to these, as to all other criticisms: "You don't really understand." In fact, after finishing the last seven chapters of Mr. Moore's book, the reader will probably conclude that all but the pragmatists have misunderstood Pragmatism, and that nearly all the criticisms of it rest ultimately on misunderstandings. And he will probably close the book with the wonder why all non-pragmatists should be so dense—or perhaps with the suspicion that there may be something a little wrong with a doctrine which seems so incapable of making itself clear even to specialists, and which only the initiate can comprehend.

But let not these remarks, in their turn, be misunderstood. Mr. Moore's attitude toward his critics is never one of complaint, but is always courteous, self-respecting, and sportsmanlike. He neither whines nor rages, but is ever good-natured and fair-minded. And his critics he everywhere treats not as adversaries, but as co-workers in the search for truth.

Memoirs of the Duchesse de Dino.
Edited with Notes and Biographical Index by the Princesse Radziwill.
Second Series, 1836-40; Third Series, 1841-50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50 net each.

These memoirs are the product of no

common pen. Dorothea, Duchesse de Courlande, Duchesse de Dino, Duchesse de Talleyrand-Périgord, Princesse de Sagan, to give her all her dignities, was not merely one of the great dames of her day; she is revealed in these pages as possessing literary gifts of so high an order as to strengthen the suspicion of her share in the composition or alteration of her great uncle's memoirs. She was born in 1792, married to Talleyrand's nephew in 1809, and lived till 1862. When her husband's uncle became French Ambassador at Vienna in 1814, she went with him as mistress of the embassy. When he was sent to London in 1830 she accompanied him in the same capacity. She lived with him till his death in 1838, entirely devoted to his welfare, and she has given us in these pages a picture of the old Talleyrand which is among the masterpieces of memoir-writing. From this connection she was naturally for many years in the very heart of political affairs, as no one was, save perhaps that other Dorothea of the Baltic, the Princesse de Lieven. To great beauty and spirit she added unusual talents, and in the best sense was a great lady of the *haute politique*. The story of the appearance of these volumes is curious enough. Some years ago, it seems, Mme. de Castellane published a book entitled "The Memoirs of the Duchesse de Dino," written in 1822, and ending with her engagement. On these, two years ago, the French Academician, M. Lamy, wrote a series of articles. With this the Princess Radziwill's "hand was forced," as she tells us, and she published, beginning with 1903, the three volumes of the Duchesse de Dino's "Chronique," a combination of diary and letters which began in 1831 and concluded in 1850. These in turn appeared almost immediately in the English translation before us, but with the present title "Memoirs," the change being due no doubt to the difficulty of translating "Chronique" otherwise.

Like Humboldt, "at bottom a remnant of the few disappearing elements of the eighteenth century," the duchess was none the less alive to the great changes about her. The railway was just being built and her comments on it are most amusing:

A vast amount of time is wasted in stoppages at the numerous stations. . . . It is certainly a marvellous invention, and the machinery is interesting. All is worked with perfect punctuality and in order, but at the same time it is an unpleasant way of travelling, to my taste. There is no time to see anything; for instance, we passed along the outer walls of several towns which I should have liked to examine; we did not even pass through villages, but went straight across the country, with no other event than occasional tunnels, cold and damp.

Could anything better reveal the gulf fixed between a more leisurely age interested in everything, and our own? It is

the same throughout with this great lady of an older time. With all her manifold affairs, she still has time to read—and to write a diary. And it is no mere novelizing. The memoirs of Cardinal Ximénez, Bossuet, de Brosse's "Italy a Hundred Years Ago," Villemain's "Eighteenth Century," Sainte-Beuve's "Port-Royal," at her house in Paris, or Rochecotte, in her travelling carriage, at Berlin, in Naples, or her estates in Germany—she has always a book, and a good solid book. On them, as on the people about her, the comments she makes are shrewd and penetrating. "He is not a gloomy fanatic like Louvel," she says of Allbaud, who tried to kill Louis Philippe, "nor a modern Erostratus like Fieschi, but is merely a beggar of considerable self-possession and badly brought up." Of Balzac, "his face and bearing are vulgar, and I imagine his ideas are equally so. Undoubtedly, he is a very clever man, but his conversation is neither easy nor light, but, on the contrary, very dull. He watched and examined all of us most minutely." The book tempts to infinite quotation. Nor is the light thrown on events less interesting. The real dangers from the radicals which threatened Louis Philippe; the gradual emergence of Napoleon III; the illuminating observation of the fallen Orleanist King, "What would you expect; I thought myself infallible"; and the acute observation on Napoleon III, "the conclusion seems inevitable that there is no one at present to take his place, and he must be endured as he is." These, with notices of Thiers and Guizot, are most valuable. One of the most remarkable portions of the book, to take a wholly different thread of the narrative, is the account of the reconciliation of Talleyrand to the church. It might well find place in the history of religious experience. The curious blend of family affection, religious feeling, and high politics make it at first amusing, but, toward the close, pathetic and affecting. Not the least striking is the apparent inability of the old diplomat to understand that he had done anything to estrange the Papacy, he the ex-Constituant, champion of the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, one of the four who consecrated the new hierarchy of the schismatics, ex-bishop of Autun—and married.

It is, in short, an extraordinarily interesting book. Throughout there is scarcely a dull page. If one takes the account of the famous revolution of 1830 in Dessau as related by Max Müller, and the German revolution of 1848 as related here, one can almost understand how modern Germany evolved from that of Frederick the Great. Nor is the interest confined to historian or scholar. They took themselves seriously, these great dames, in a spirit which reminds one of Bagehot's fling at Gib-

bon that the latter could not distinguish between himself and the Roman Empire. But the most casual reader, tempted from page to page by the clear and vivid style, losing little even in translation, by the brilliant sketches of times and characters, the amusing stories, the clever observations on books and life and individuals, will be ready to grant much to the author of such a fascinating human document, such an illuminating picture of a vanished age.

Bohemia and the Čechi: The History, People, Institutions, and the Geography of the Kingdom, together with accounts of Moravia and Silesia. By Will S. Monroe. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$3.

There is no lack of English books on Bohemia, as Mr. Monroe's ample bibliography shows, but there is a certain justification for his claim that his is "the first general work of travel and description on Bohemia" in our language. Yet it is not a book of travel, nor an authoritative description of the land and its people; but a compilation from many sources which attests the author's interest in the Czech language and literature and his familiarity, through frequent visits, with the country and its institutions. An extreme Slavophile, Mr. Monroe has produced a fairly readable, if one-sided, sketch of his subject, in which the numerous quotations stand out in striking contrast to his own rather commonplace and sometimes even slipshod language. He has been especially wise in drawing on Count Lützow's various standard works on Bohemian topics, as well as on Maurice's painstaking "Story of Bohemia." As for his attitude in approaching the conflicting claims of Slav and Teuton, the following passage is sufficiently explicit:

It requires no prophet to assert that German dominance in Bohemia is a matter of past history. One need not mourn its demise; for in the centuries the Germans were in power and lorded it over the Bohemians, what contributions, it may be asked, did they make to literature, science, art, or humanity? Who is the German-Bohemian educator that one would mention in the same hour with Komenský, historian with the name of Palacký, composer with the name of Dvořák, or man of letters with Vrchlický? The German-Bohemians, with all the odds in their favor, have never displayed any indications of great talent, and one may well wish the Čechi, with their extraordinary virility and unusual promise, godspeed in their struggles with the acclimated foreigners within their borders.

In his historical summaries, Mr. Monroe follows largely Czech writers, though he also leans on the authoritative Gindely, from whom he adopts the form of "Waldstein." In dealing with Wallenstein's career, the author's lack

of historical grasp is painfully apparent, and he finds it necessary, toward the end of the volume, to remark that "Wallenstein, it will be remembered, was the powerful commander of the Roman Catholic forces during the Thirty Years' War." He errs in saying that Wallenstein was assassinated in his palace at Prague, instead of at Eger.

The account of Bohemian Language and Literature, Painters, and Paintings, and Bohemian Music and Composers, is valuable as a convenient summary, though surcharged with superlatives. The following notice of Dvořák shows Mr. Monroe's style at its worst.

Antonio Dvořák (1841-1904) is the best-known Bohemian composer in America, due not only to the fact that he directed for some years the National Conservatory of Music in New York, and the dedication of a symphony and quartet to the Americans, but also to his recognized rank as one of the eight or ten greatest creative tone artists of the nineteenth century.

Strangely enough, the list of distinguished Bohemian physicians and scientists does not contain the names of the renowned professors Skoda and Rokitsky, whom their native country ought to be proud to claim.

A peculiar feature of the book is the insistent Czech spelling of geographical names, which is unnecessarily bewildering to the English reader, who is far more familiar with the German appellations. "Olomouc" (Olmütz), "Hradčany" (Hradschin), "Vltava" (Moldau), etc., etc., constantly stare us in the face, and no plea of nationalism can excuse the absurd "Mohác" (for the Magyar Mohács), or the even more preposterous "František Josef" for the Emperor Francis Joseph. Matthias Corvinus, of Hungary, and Matthias, Emperor of Germany, masquerade as "Matthew," and the Lobkowitzes and Radetzky's have forced upon them a Czech modification of their names which they themselves discarded. Among minor slips are "Auersberg" for Auersperg; "Taaffe" for Taaffe, "Baron" for Count Goluchowski, and "Count" Silvio Pellico. Nor was Aehrenthal a "Count" when he "took charge of the unsteady ship of state in 1906." Anton Ritter von (not "Baron") Schmerling was not "an Austrian bureaucrat of the Metternich and Bach school," but a liberal statesman and opponent of Metternich, though a strict German Centralist. The attractive illustrations in the volume deserve a word of praise.

The Influence of Wealth in Imperial Rome. By William Stearns Davis, Professor of Ancient History, University of Minnesota. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2 net.

After a preface which proclaims the purpose "to consider the influence of money and of the commercial spirit

throughout the period of Roman greatness," and disclaims any attempt at "exhaustive or original learning," the author of "A Friend of Caesar," "A Victor of Salamis," etc., opens with a short, crisp chapter entitled *The Business Panic of 33 A. D.*, which is so modern and aggressive in tone, and so suggestive of the columns of the muck-raking magazines, that one immediately feels assured at least of entertainment, and settles to the reading of the following chapters: on *The Accumulation of Wealth; The Expenditure of Wealth; Slaves, Freedmen, and Plebeians; Private Munificence; Marriage, Divorce, Childlessness; Why the Roman Empire Fell.*

In spite of its many virtues, however—its comprehensiveness, so wide that the author feels called upon to explain that sometimes a liberal interpretation has been given to the term "money power"; its apt grouping of a vast and unwieldy body of more or less fragmentary knowledge, its liveliness of presentation, and its general intelligibility—the book does not quite beget satisfaction. This is due first of all to the nature of the author's undertaking as a whole. It is true, he "makes no claim to exhaustive or original learning," and does not intend the book "to be a critical compendium for the advanced scholar"; it is not for the research worker, and we may absolve it from criticism on that score. But the abounding and skillfully classified material contained in it will nevertheless attract to its use such advanced scholars as teachers and students of ancient history and the classics and archaeology, and they will miss the citations and references which serious students of antiquity regard as indispensable for the expansion of their own knowledge and for the critical estimation of their authority. As it is, they may read Professor Davis for such points of view as his book presents, but for real authority they must continue to go to modern critical works, principally in German, and to the ancient sources themselves. Nor will the wider circle of cultivated readers who are drawn to the book by a general interest in financial and social phases of ancient life find it free from objection. For such persons its pages are too densely crowded with facts.

Unfortunately, too, there are other defects. The reader meets with such oversights and actual errors as "Celicia," "Diodochi," "Phillipus," "Antonius Plus," "Papius Poetus," "quilrites," "citizens," "amythetine," "acceed," "cortégé," "asserted," "the sacrifices of Horace's father . . . has been mentioned." If the book were not from the pen of a writer of some reputation, all this might be explained as ignorance, or the careless writing of inexperience, or as just an indication of the author's having had a college education. In the

case of Professor Davis, however, we must look upon it as the result of carelessness due to inordinate haste.

But whatever the cause, the fact of carelessness raises the presumption of inaccuracy in the statement of fact. We note that Fowler is not, as he states, a biographer of Cicero; that it was Crassus, not Ahenobarbus, whom Marcus Brutus called "the Venus of the Palatine"; that the statement that Cicero had eight large villas is overdrawn; that to speak of the orator's "regular dwelling on the Palatine, and that of his father at Carinæ," leads the reader to think of the Carinæ as at least an extra-mural place; that "bldens" in the passage of Juvenal referred to is not a pitchfork, that the famous *nemo togam sumit nisi mortuus* is hardly to be rendered, "nor have to put on a cumbersome 'dress suit'—the toga—save to go to a burial," and that "the unsophisticated children bawl at the grinning masks of the actors" is needlessly free for

cum personæ pallentis hiatum
In gremio matris formidat rusticus infans.

It is to be regretted that Professor Davis did not choose either to make his book really popular, or else to take the time and trouble to go to the original sources for all of his data, as he has done for many of them, and compile a book for which students and teachers unable to possess or use the cyclopædic works of German scholarship would be genuinely thankful.

The High Court of Parliament and Its Supremacy. By Charles Howard McIlwain. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$2.50 net.

Originally the Central Assembly of England was feudal in its nature. One of its characteristics was that it did not make but declared the law; such law based on custom was fundamental in its nature, and rules inconsistent with it were considered void; there was, up to modern times, no clear division between the different departments of government, Parliament being the highest court, both legislated and adjudicated. The lower courts had legislative as well as judicial powers. As acts of Parliament were analogous to judgments in the inferior courts, such acts were not regarded "as inviolable rules made by an external omnipotent legislative assembly, but rather as judgments of another court, which might be, and were at times, treated as no modern statute would ever be treated by the courts today." It is to this historical ground that the author attributes what he calls the "legislative" activity of the courts in the United States, greater here than in England, because it was checked there by the growth of the new doctrine of Parliamentary omnipotence. In Tudor England, however, the government

was one of fused powers, while that of the United States is a system of separated powers, and therefore the precedent is not one to follow slavishly.

As to the soundness of the author's view concerning the little respect which was often paid by the courts to statutes enacted by Parliament, there can be little question. Much the same thing is observed in the development of other systems of jurisprudence. Jhering has given numerous instances where Roman jurists, "while pretending to do reverence to a law, in reality knock it over the head." Yet the very fact that the courts resort to transparent fictions to justify their action, instead of boldly claiming it as a right, shows that legally they consider the statute as supreme. Instances cited to support a contrary view in reality prove nothing; the most that they do is to show that if Parliament should pass a law which is absolutely impossible of enforcement, it could not be regarded as binding. There may be a few isolated dicta which seem to go farther; but no actual decision, based on the bold assertion that a statute on any temporal matter is void if it contravenes a so-called fundamental or higher law, is cited by the author.

It seems, therefore, rather fanciful to attribute the power exercised by our courts to this alleged historical fact. It can be explained by the political theories prevalent at the time of the Revolution, namely, that, as all government is based on the consent of the governed, and all governmental agencies have only limited power, an act of the legislature contrary to the Constitution, to which it owes its origin, is *ipso facto* void, and should be declared so by the courts when it comes before them. While it may be conceded that in practice this theory has vested the courts with what resembles legislative powers, it is none the less true that in their decisions and in theory the courts have disclaimed the possession by them of any such power and have justified their action solely by the unconstitutional character of the legislative enactment.

Grave doubts might be entertained as to the views expressed by the author that the present English doctrine as to the power of Parliament is inconsistent with popular government. Of course, if the doctrine of parliamentary omnipotence is equivalent, as he intimates in one part of his book, to a claim of a divine right vested in the legislature, and if that is the principle grafted on the English Constitution by the Revolution of 1688, it has no place in our age. But no proof for such assertion is given, and it certainly is contrary to the doctrine which was the foundation of the Revolution and of the political action of the Whigs during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. They did not see in Parliament the sovereign, but the organ of the sovereign state. It may be that

as long as the political education and the political rights of the people were virtually non-existent, Parliament was *de facto* the sovereign. But it does not follow from this that, even where an almost universal suffrage exists, Parliament should not be vested during the term of its existence with the sole and exclusive power to make the law, or why its members should not have the right to exercise their own judgment on the matters submitted to them, or be bound to follow slavishly the instructions given to them by their constituents, as the author intimates. Such representative government may be popular government in the best sense of the word; we are not prepared to assent to the proposition that no government is entitled to be so called unless it recognizes the imperative mandate, the referendum, and the recall.

Notes

In January, Little, Brown & Co. will bring out four new novels: Anthony Partridge's "The Golden Web"; "The Capture of Paul Beck," by McDonnell Bodkin; "Berenice," by E. Phillips Oppenheim, and "The Gift of the Grass," by John T. Moore. The same house will begin the publication of the Modern Criminal Science Series, with translations of works by C. Bernaldo de Quirós, the Spanish criminologist, and Hans Grass, professor of criminal law at Graz, Austria. The translations will bear the titles, respectively, "Modern Theories of Criminality" and "Criminal Psychology."

A fifth edition, "revised and enlarged," of Rossiter Johnson's "History of the War of Secession" comes to us with the imprint of Wessels & Bissell Co. The revision and enlargement consist of brief supplementary notes appended to eight of the chapters, and of an additional chapter entitled "The Measure of Valor," chiefly devoted to a statistical recital of losses in the war. Otherwise, the edition is reprinted from the same plates as its predecessor; and even the index, with the exception of one transposed entry, is that of the old edition, pagination and all.

The University of Pennsylvania will publish "The Swedish Settlements on the Delaware, their History and Relation to the English and Dutch, 1638-1664, with an Account of the South, the New Sweden, and the American Companies, and the Efforts of Sweden to Regain the Colony," in two volumes, by Amandus Johnson, Ph.D. The work, which is said to be the result of five years of research in the archives and libraries of Sweden, Holland, England, and America, will be illustrated by above one hundred half-tone reproductions and line cuts of old maps, original sketches of forts, and Indian deeds.

Prof. H. H. Johnson of the University at Rennes will publish with Francis Griffiths a translation of Anatole Le Braz's "Le Pays d'exil de Chateaubriand."

In our note, December 1, on the announcement of "The History of Nations," published by John D. Morris & Co., and

edited by Henry Cabot Lodge, we called attention to the misrepresentation of "Volume 21, South America, by Philip P. Wells," as an original work. Mr. Wells desires us to state that there is no such misrepresentation in the book itself, since its relation to Deberle's "Histoire de l'Amérique du Sud" is explicitly stated on the title page and in the preface. He adds, concerning the prospectus: "My contract with the publishers was fulfilled by the delivery and acceptance of my manuscript. I had no control over, or responsibility for, the book-selling methods adopted by them. The statement that I 'delved deeply into hidden sources,' if correctly quoted by you, is unauthorized by me and absurd." We regret that our note gave a false impression of Mr. Wells's part in the transaction.

"Ancient Myths in Modern Poets" (Baker & Taylor), by Helen Archibald Clarke, follows the story of Prometheus from Hesiod to Shelley and Lowell, and that of the sun and moon from the Homeric Hymns to Keats. Although the author does not attempt to solve some of the nicer problems of æsthetic values which her book must inevitably suggest, the mere grouping together of this material serves in a measure to reveal the important difference between the Greek and our newer way of adjusting fable to the needs of artistic presentment. Precisely how far a poet may depart from original outlines and how far safely graft on values symbolic of his own contemporary conditions, still remains a great problem in every variety of art. In the days of an exotic romanticism there was a general tendency to catch symbolic overtones in almost any story, and ancient myths had untold meanings. Something of that condition is still to be seen in the works of Shelley and Keats. Shelley, in particular, furnishes an interesting contrast with the ancient method. Where Æschylus has placed a sturdy reliance upon the main outlines of the Prometheus story, strengthening the gaunt bone and muscle merely, Shelley, whatever else he did, has added a bewildering complexity of surface tints and atmosphere. Yet, despite his profusion, he has certainly not increased the subtlety of his master nor made greater the volume of the human appeal. Other problems of a like nature this book unwittingly presents for reflection.

Redfern Mason's "The Song Lore of Ireland" (Wessels & Bissell) is a detailed account of the progress of Irish poetry from the first beginnings, of which hardly more is known than of the days of the Homeric rhapsodes, down to the early nineteenth century. In the Celtic prime, the bardic colleges of Ireland were the resort of scholars from all parts of Europe. Poets were made, not born, in those days, and Mr. Mason's description of the process makes one wonder what sort of stuff was turned out:

Early in the morning the students assembled, and, having heard a discourse and been given a subject to work upon, they breakfasted and retired to their rooms. Window there was none; for the ollaves (professors of poetry) believed the light of day and glimpses of the world without incompatible with the concentration necessary for bardic composition. The student flung himself on the bed and gave his mind to poetic creation. Toward the close of day a servant came round with candles, and

each student wrote down what he had composed.

Many of the bards were killed during the Cromwellian invasion, but these academics lingered on until the time of the Jacobites and the penal laws. To us, this method of training poets sounds Alexandrian, but, as the poems were in Irish, we can only judge of their scanty remains at second hand, as Spencer did; he vilified everything Irish, and hoped that the people would "consume themselves and devour one another," yet admitted from what had been translated to him that the Irish bards did not lack "sweete witt and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornaments of poetrye." What the bards and harpers did was to keep alive the national spirit, and it took five centuries of English persecution to suppress them. Mr. Mason hopes for the revival of the Irish harp, together with the Irish language, and is a firm believer in the neo-Gaelic movement. We owe most of the collection of Irish melodies to the industry of Petrie, who for half a century devoted his leisure to writing down what was orally preserved, and amassed a treasury of no fewer than 2,000 Irish tunes, the legacy of the common people. Though Shakespeare refers to Irish dancing, the literature of Ireland is strangely silent about it. The story of Ireland's poetry and music is inevitably the story of Ireland's wrongs, and this account of it is written with excusable bitterness. But the book ends on a hopeful note in the last chapter, *The Dawning of the Day*. Its most interesting feature is the numerous musical illustrations, which show the original form or variations of some of the oldest popular tunes, such as the "Coulín," the "Last Rose," and "All the Way to Galway," which is the original form of "Yankee Doodle."

One of the most interesting books on the country of the Nile is Douglas Sladen's "Queer Things about Egypt" (Lippincott). It is not his first attempt in this line, as similar titles in regard to Japan and Persia indicate. He has had opportunities not open to the average tourist, and with notebook and camera he has made the most of them. Much of his observation lies outside the tourist's path and interest, as the servant question, housekeeping, business, and court etiquette, and such places as Damiatta, Rosetta, the Fayum, and the great oasis of Kharga.

Prof. Salomon Reinach, who is perhaps the most prolific among contemporary scholars, has recently published what may be regarded as the most remarkable of his productions—his *Bibliography*. It extends from April, 1874, to January, 1910, and covers no less than 103 pages, including a serviceable and very essential index of 27 pages. The number of separate volumes published by him is considerably more than fifty, while his monographs, articles, addresses, reviews, and notes in encyclopedias, dictionaries, year books, and periodicals of almost all countries run close to 4,000. The range of M. Reinach's productivity (he has just turned fifty) is as remarkable as its size. Beginning his career as a classical archaeologist, he has gradually enlarged his scope until it at present includes the entire domain of ancient and modern art, prehistoric antiquities, the history of religions, and the general development of culture. It is interesting to note in illustration of his wide intellectual interests that the very first vol-

ume published by him (in 1876) was a French translation of Schopenhauer's essay on the "Freedom of the Will," of which the eleventh edition appeared last year, and that in the midst of his busy career he found time to introduce our greatest historian, the late Henry C. Lea, to the French public by preparing a translation of Mr. Lea's monumental work on the "Inquisition of the Middle Ages," in three portly volumes. Reinach's studies in the classics and archaeology are represented by an admirable "Manual of Classical Philology" in two volumes. In his "Apollo" he has given the best extant survey of the entire history of art, just as in the companion volume, "Orpheus" (see the *Nation* of August 18, 1910), he has endeavored in the same way to cover the whole domain of the religious history of mankind. In three large volumes under the title of "Cultes, mythes et religions" (1908), he has collected the more important of his articles scattered throughout the periodicals of various countries. His contributions to the antiquities of France are represented by scientific catalogues, and researches on the collections of the wonderful Musée de Saint Germain, of which he is the director; nor should mention be omitted of his most useful series of "Répertoires" of Greek and Roman statuary and of Greek and Etruscan vases. As the editor of *Revue archéologique* in conjunction with Georges Perrot, he has naturally written the bulk of his special articles and notes for this periodical, the enumeration of which alone covers twenty-two closely printed pages. A member of the French Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres—its president in 1907—he has also been one of the most regular and prolific contributors to the *Comptes Rendus* of the Institut. By actual count the number of periodicals and periodical publications to which he has been a contributor is 105—scattered throughout the world and covering almost every subject from volcanoes in France in the *Comptes Rendus* of the Académie des Sciences to medical antiquities in the *Lancet*, and extending to "Ladies' Saddles" in *Notes and Queries*. His articles in the *Nation*, to which he has from time to time been a contributor since 1884, alone number thirty-five.

"The Journal of the Yukon," 1847-1848 (Ottawa: Government Printing Bureau), by Alexander Hunter Murray, has been recently edited by L. J. Burpee. This document, although not recording an original exploration, contains the earliest known detailed description of much of the ground covered. It describes the customs of the Indians of the Yukon at the time when the British first went among them. It contains an account of what might be called the extreme outpost of the Hudson's Bay Company; and it throws light on the policy and methods of the fur trade. The principal object of the journey, the building of Fort Yukon, naturally brought the Hudson's Bay Company men into what was then Russian territory, and into competition with the Russian-American Company. Alexander Murray, the author of the Journal, was born in Scotland in 1818, and shortly after emigrating to the United States entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company as a senior clerk. He was a man of education and taste, as well as a shrewd and successful trader. Not the least interesting feature of the Journal is the series of sketches which it contains.

These were drawn under the most difficult circumstances, and with no better appliances than "a few steel pens now going on their third year, and filed down to stumps." The volume is interesting and genuinely instructive, containing, in addition to the narrative, considerable material of a scientific character.

"Highways and Byways of the Rocky Mountains," written and illustrated by Clifton Johnson (Macmillan), is superficial and misleading. The author's understanding of geographical classification is so poor that he includes all the "Great Plains" States in the Rocky Mountain area, and excludes them, in a former book, from the Mississippi Valley. To find Kansas figuring as a Rocky Mountain State is disturbing. Furthermore, his "highways and byways" are mainly along the railways, and his narrative is chiefly made up of conversations with the oldest inhabitants. There is little about the Rocky Mountains, and this is not always correct. For example, he gives the impression (p. 125) that Pike tried to climb the peak now known by his name, saying that "after vigorous attempts to scale the mountain, Pike abandoned the project." Pike did not get nearer than about fifteen miles to what he called "the Grand Peak," and then saw it from another mountain. Pike's Peak was first climbed by Dr. Edwin James of Long's expedition, and Long properly named it "James Peak," but circumstances gradually fixed the other name upon it. In another place he says that Acoma has been in its present place for 700 years, whereas it is only 370 years since Coronado entered the country (1540), the first European to do so, and there is no record before that time. In speaking of the "nutting" expeditions of the Acomas he does not, as he should do, describe the nuts, which are from the Piñon, and are peculiar to a particular belt of country. Again, he says that Santa Fé is the oldest European town in the United States (p. 115), an honor held by St. Augustine, Fla., which was founded in 1565; Santa Fé was founded by Oñate in 1605. The first village started by Oñate was San Gabriel, in 1598, on the site now occupied by the village of Chamita. The book is illustrated by the author with photographs of scenes that are commonplace to the last degree. As a rule, they present the crudest and least attractive side of the places where he went, and they are poor photographs at that.

Owing to the widespread public interest in Spain's domestic crisis, "Spain from Within" (Stokes), by Rafael Shaw, will command attention. Its author has had unusual opportunities for learning the public sentiment of the masses in the peninsula. The task he sets himself is to serve as spokesman for Spain's lower classes, who, like those of Russia, are incapable of making known to the outside world their secret yearnings and aspirations. Unfortunately Mr. Shaw lacks the judicial temperament, and in places his book degenerates into a rabid attack upon Rome. This partisan bias appears throughout, but particularly in the introductory chapters, where are related many scandalous anecdotes which the author has derived from his humble informants. As a sample of the mildest of these, might be mentioned the story of a poor peasant woman who

fell asleep in church, and, awakening after midnight, was surprised to see a company of armed priests going through the manual of arms. The informant on this occasion was a lad who sold fruit to the husband of the witness. Later, the reader is told that during the recent Barcelona riots priestly sharpshooters, stationed on house-tops, committed many a murder. More surprising still, Mr. Shaw believes that the bomb outrages which have disgraced Barcelona for so many years are not the work of anarchists, but of the Jesuits; and that the troubles of 1909 (in which, incidentally, forty religious establishments were looted) were started by the *agents provocateurs* of the Carlists acting in unison with the church party. It is difficult to conceive of such extreme Maciavellism. Every traveller hears much of this same talk, but such utterances should be liberally discounted. He greatly minimizes the dangers of anarchy and exaggerates the importance of Carlism. Every one of Spain's evils is attributed to the Ultramontanes. Intelligent Spaniards consider obscurantism and anarchy dangers equally to be guarded against. To them "Black Spain" and "Red Spain" are alike abhorrent. This feeling is well stated by a recent writer in the Barcelona publication, *La Cataluña*, the organ of "Young Catalonia." The writer in question thinks that education is the only remedy for existing evils. Whether 60 per cent. of clericals impose themselves upon 40 per cent. of free thinkers or *vice versa*, the result will be equally disastrous. In either event the national unrest will continue. Education must provide a common ground for compromise. Yet making due allowance for the author's prejudices, the book contains much that is valuable. The chapters on politics and education offer information not readily acquired elsewhere. An excellent feature is the appendix giving brief biographies of prominent Spanish politicians together with an account of the various political parties, and the journals which serve as their organs. Some of the intriguing backstairs methods which form so large a part of Spanish politics, and which are not easily understood by foreigners, are interestingly exposed.

In urging "Common Sense in Politics" (Moffat, Yard) Job E. Hedges seems to imply that the people are too peevish about public affairs, and that they are prone to put upon the politicians blame that more justly rests upon themselves. Graft exists because the people do not choose their representatives carefully, and fail to watch their conduct closely, but, after all, "the most corroding corruption in politics is not money-making, but is the practice of hypocrisy." Therefore, "when the cry of 'stop thief' is raised, it is sometimes wiser to watch the man who makes the outcry than to follow the crowd." Mr. Hedges settles offhand some vexed points of constitutional doctrine. For instance, he says that "every thinking man knows that the President's duty is done when he expresses his opinions in his messages to Congress." And yet the public "doesn't stop to consider ways and means, and gives its approval or disapproval of a President or a Governor, according to his success in forcing action by legislators." Both in the tenor of its opinions and in the oracular

quality of its style, the book recalls the essays in which Dr. Samuel Johnson used to pooh-pooh popular discontent with the management of public affairs.

"Heroic Spain," by E. Boyle O'Reilly (Duffield), is a sketchy narrative of an eight months' tour in Spain, varied with pleasant excursions into the domains of history, literature, architecture, and art. The author has not only travelled the beaten path, but describes many nooks and corners not visited by the ordinary tourist. She has much independence of judgment, and fears not to upset old idols. The chapter on literature is not merely a rehash of standard text-books, as has been the case in several recent books of this kind. It evinces wide reading and original thought. She shows sound judgment in minimizing the importance of Galdós and Palacio Valdés, the two contemporary Spanish novelists with whose works English-speaking readers are unfortunately most familiar. In the earlier period she is less at home. A translation which she says is taken from the *Roman-cero del Cid* is really from the Poem of the Cid, a very different work. It is also a mistake to describe cloak and sword plays as picaresque, and to state that Lope de Vega was especially noted for his pre-eminence in that *genre*. But these are minor errors. In general her information is accurate. An introductory chapter gives the prospective tourist much practical advice. The illustrations are unbackneyed and artistic. There are also a few original poems of more than average merit. "Heroic Spain" is by far the best book of Spanish travels which the year has produced.

The new edition of W. M. Sloane's deservedly popular "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte" (Century; 4 vols.), which first appeared in 1896, will be welcome. It is more convenient to handle than its predecessor, yet it has also been considerably enlarged, new chapters having been added on the Continental System, the Louisiana Purchase, and the St. Helena epoch, and the portion on Napoleon's youth having been expanded. Space has been saved by a substantial reduction of the illustrations, which were so salient a feature of the earlier edition, and by minimizing the number of authorities and footnotes. While we concur with most of Professor Sloane's dicta in regard to the slight value of references and bibliographical apparatus, we are bound to say that we find it difficult to justify the omission of Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon, the Last Phase" from a general bibliography, which contains twenty-two titles on St. Helena (even though it is mentioned in the list of references at the beginning of the chapter on that topic). It would have been far better, in our estimation, to omit the general bibliography entirely, and restrict the mention of authorities to the lists at the heads of the chapters, unless it were possible (which it is not) to render the former to all intents and purposes complete. The dangers inherent in partial bibliographies—especially those in which the titles are arranged in alphabetical order with no indication of their relative importance—have been demonstrated again and again. The last decade has witnessed the appearance of several excellent general lives of Napoleon, so that Professor Sloane's work no longer enjoys the reputation it once had, of being the sole modern scholar-

ly work which rendered accessible to English and American readers the results of recent minute investigation. Despite this fact, its proportions, arrangement, method, and style are such as make it fill a place which no other history of Napoleon quite occupies. Now that it has once more been brought abreast of the scholarship of the last fifteen years, it will continue to be read and studied with interest and profit.

Benn Pitman, brother of the inventor of the Pitman method of shorthand, and himself the author of various works on the subject, died in Cincinnati, December 28. He was born in Trowbridge, Wilts, England, in 1822.

Samuel Henry Butcher, Unionist member of Parliament for Cambridge University since 1906, died last Thursday. He was born in Dublin in 1859, son of the Bishop of Meath. He taught successively at Oxford and the University of Edinburgh, and in 1904 was a lecturer at Harvard. He was a trustee of the British Museum and president of the British Academy of Letters. Professor Butcher was widely known as a classical scholar. With Andrew Lang he published a prose translation of the *Odyssey* in 1879, and his own published works include a small volume on Demosthenes (1881), "Some Aspects of the Greek Genius" (1891), "Aristotle's Theory of Poetry and the Fine Arts, with a Critical Text, and Translation of the Poetics" (1895), and "Harvard Lectures on Greek Subjects" (1904).

The death is announced of Charles H. Woodman, at the age of sixty-three, the author of "The Boys and Girls of the American Revolution" and "Defence of Turkey"; he also wrote articles for the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Appleton's*.

Julia Arabella Eastman, founder and for eighteen years associate principal of the Dana Hall School for Girls, a fitting school for Wellesley College, died in Wellesley on New Year's Day, at the age of seventy-four. Miss Eastman was the author of a number of children's books, including "Kitty Kent's Troubles," "Romneys of Ridgemont," "School Days of Beulah Romney," "Short Comings and Long Goings," "Striking for the Right," and "Young Peck."

The death is reported of Dr. Bernhard Kahle, professor of northern philology and ethnology at the University of Heidelberg, aged forty-nine. His writings include "Die altnordische Sprache im Dienste des Christentums," "Isländische geistliche Dichtungen des ausgehenden Mittelalters," and "Die Sprache der Skalden auf Grund der Binnen- und Endreime."

Science

Six years ago there began to appear in Germany an extended work with the title, "Krankheiten und Ehe: Darstellung der Beziehungen zwischen Gesundheits-Störungen und Ehegemeinschaft." The editors were H. Senator and S. Kaminer, with the aid of twenty-three collaborators treating special topics. Apparently almost simultaneously an English version was prepared by J. Dulberg of Manchester, which in its completed form is a large work in two volumes, together more than 1,200 pages. Three

years ago an abridged edition was published, and this has now been issued in this country as "Marriage and Disease" (New York: Paul B. Hoeber). The smaller book, 250 pages long, seems to be a really successful attempt to shorten the original, which in some chapters was rather prolix. The more general aspects of marriage itself occupy a little more than a third of the text. The rest is given to a discussion of the influence of various diseases on the married state, a discussion that goes rather far afield and touches a great variety of premarital conditions. Curiously enough, we find no allusion to the deaf-mute. In the present form the book will be helpful to the general practitioner, and in a more limited way to some general readers. Its direct usefulness to those who merely contemplate matrimony for themselves is perhaps more problematical.

A sign of the times is the appearance of "An Introduction to Agriculture," by A. A. Upham (Appleton), a text-book for high-school upper grades. In general this little handbook covers its ground well. We miss in it, as a book for country children, sections on the thinning, grading, and on proper packing of orchard fruit, and on the usefulness and simplicity of the split-log road-drag. Space should have been found, even in so short a book, for these in connection with their general subjects. But the book is better than its lapses indicate. We welcome in it the brief chapter on that part of the farm which can be made the most profitable, and where children can learn so much, the vegetable garden. The style is simple and clear; the summaries, questions, and appendices should be helpful in class work; and we believe that the ultimate aim of the author, to prepare pupils to read and understand agricultural literature, will be attained. The fact that there is a call for text-books of this kind is prophetic of better times in our agriculture.

The "General Biology" of James G. Needham of Cornell University (Ithaca: Comstock Publishing Co.) is described as also "a book of outlines and practical studies for the general student." It purports to be a guide for students who can devote but one college year to the subject, and is said to be based on the actual experience of the writer in seeking suitable practical exercises. The result is not convincing. Far too much ground is covered to make it possible to cultivate much of it really well, and yet a number of interesting and valuable matters, particularly matters more strictly physiological, are hardly mentioned. On the other hand, the book contains a great deal of useful material, with many excellent illustrations. Some of this material is very well put together, but in places the treatment is sadly superficial. With a really good teacher an ordinary student might find the book exceedingly useful; without such aid he would become a mere smatterer.

Dr. Willis Goss MacDonald, one of the noted surgeons of this country, died last Friday in Albany at the age of forty-seven. He was born at Cobleskill and attended the Cobleskill Free Academy, the State Normal College at Albany, and the Albany Medical College, and from the last named he was graduated in 1887. He attended the University of Berlin in 1889 and 1890. Return-

ing to Albany, he became instructor of surgery in the Albany Medical College, and shortly after became professor of surgery. He went to the Albany Hospital as assistant attending surgeon in 1902. Since 1907 he had been attending surgeon, as well as consulting surgeon, of Westfield Hospital.

Drama

A book which has for its aim to illustrate the connection between the Latin, Italian, and early Elizabethan stage, is announced by the Oxford University Press, entitled, "Early Plays from the Italian." It is edited, with essay, introduction, and notes, by R. Warwick Bond, and contains "Supposes," "The Bugbears," and "Misogonus."

Henry Arthur Jones has long occupied an undisputed position among the leading modern dramatists of England, and, in skill of technical workmanship, stands pretty nearly at the head of them. And the independent thought, the shrewd observation, and the definite purpose to be found in most of his serious plays compensate largely for the purely theatrical qualities with which they are too often disfigured. But he is addicted to exasperating faults. He is too much given to platitudinous moralizing, to transparent trick, and to drawing wholesale conclusions from specific and abnormal premises. Professedly his latest play, "We Can't Be as Bad as All That," which has just been produced in the Nazimova Theatre, is a satire upon upper middle-class British society; actually, it is a plea, if not for the right of absolute free love, at least for the right of a man and a woman to set legal, religious, and social laws at defiance, if they love devotedly and their union can be accomplished in no other way. He makes the reservation, however, that they must be prepared to pay the price, which is virtually an admission that the common sense of the world is opposed to his philosophy. In his latest play, the one decent female character is a woman who started wrong, and it may be admitted that, in the light of circumstance and of her later conduct, she is justly and reasonably entitled to the rehabilitation bestowed upon her, but it does not in the least follow, as a social law, that any woman falling in love with the husband of another woman is entitled to run off with him. Nora Shard when only a child, fell under the influence of Harold Furnival, a brilliant young statesman, who was most unhappily married. For his sake she surrendered all, and they were on their way to a fool's paradise, when he was instantly killed in an accident. Some years after she became the nurse of a hopelessly sick millionaire, who, before he died, married her, that she might be the guardian of his daughter. As Mrs. Engaine she wins the heart of Sir Ralph Newell, a rich English baronet, who takes her down to the country house of his sister, Lady Carnforth. It is there she becomes the centre of the idle, dissipated, malicious, and worthless set, upon whom Mr. Jones empties the vials of his amusing and vigorous, but not particularly original, satire. Lady Carnforth discovers her

identity and threatens to expose her unless she will consent to the marriage of her step-daughter with Lady Carnforth's brother, who is a degenerate and bankrupt black-guard. Nora refuses, in a capital scene, and, in a still stronger one, showing Mr. Jones at his ingenious best, tells her whole story to Sir Ralph—who has just asked her to marry him—though knowing that he had been the bosom friend of Harold Furnival and had always been furious in his denunciation of the woman who had, as he believed, lured him to ruin and death. The situation here is poignant, and the suspense is maintained with great adroitness and remarkable psychological insight. The scene is pure drama, in which the conflict is wholly one of character and conscience. It is worth all the rest of the play put together, and it is played with the rarest restraint, intensity, and naturalness by Nye Chart, a new leading man of first-rate quality, and Katharine Kaelred. Sir Ralph at first is inclined to back out from his engagement, but, in the end, realizes the inherent nobility of the woman—she really is a fine creature, as Mr. Jones has depicted her—and all ends well. It is not necessary to enter into the details of an ingenious, interesting, but theatrical subplot, nor to dilate upon the subordinate characters, which are modelled upon familiar stage types. They are sketched with Mr. Jones's usual cleverness, but the coloring, at times, is somewhat crudely laid on.

There was no especial reason for a revival of A. W. Pinero's theatrical comedy, "Trelawny of the Wells," unless it could be much better done now than it was before. It is a fantastic little piece, with humor and sentiment in it, but no remarkable qualities of literary or dramatic workmanship. At the Empire the present representation is distinctly inferior to the earlier one at the Lyceum. The farcical episodes are unduly exaggerated, and the sentimental passages less delicately handled. Miss Ethel Barrymore has not learned the secret of the rebellious charm with which Mary Manning invested the part of Rose in the old days, nor can Louise Drew replace Elizabeth Tyree as Avonia Bunn, or Constance Collier fill the place of Hilda Spong in the character of Imogen Parrot. The allotment of the part of the sympathetic Tom Wrench to an actor of the personality of Charles Dalton was a grievous error. Charles Millward furnished some clever acting as Ferdinand Gadd, but was often unpardonably boorish. George C. Boniface was delightful as the mouthing old Telfer, and Maud Milton was excellent as his wife. Charles Walcott, of course, was competent as the choleric and selfish old Chancellor. It is strange how this piece has been talked of as a classic, for it is in many ways a crude bit of work. Its ridicule of the Crummies school of actors is but a feeble imitation of Dickens. Some of these old players were, it must be admitted, more or less legitimate objects of sport, but the worst of them had histrionic capacities of which the modern performer often knows nothing.

Liebler & Company have completed the cast of "Judith Zaraine," the new drama of C. M. S. McLellan, in which Lena Ashwell is to star, assisted by Charles Waldron. John E. Kellard is to have the part of Col. Pontifex, whose military activities at Minotown

(the scene of the play) provoke the unemployed to violence; Howard Kyle will be Conrad Borinski, the philosophic shoemaker; Gordon Johnstone will be Jack Borinski, the leader of the unemployed, and other parts will be played by Walter Cluxton, Edward Langford, Charles Dowd, and Little Donald Gallaher, who leaves "Alias Jimmy Valentine" to create the part of Carl Borinski, Jack's brother. Miss Ashwell will, of course, be the Judith, and Mr. Waldron the David Murray, the capitalist whose operations have brought on the labor troubles.

A Chinese actress, Madame Chung, has been playing in "The Dragoon of Wrath" in the Little Theatre, London, and creating something of a sensation. A writer in *London Truth* says:

I had heard much of Mme. Chung, but nothing to make me understand how great an artist she is. A plaintive, pathetic, diminutive little person, she has really remarkable gifts of comedy and tragedy, and I have seldom seen finer or more subtle acting in an English theatre. The scene where she accepts one of her lovers, a tall, thin prince, is exquisite; while her death scene, when years afterwards she meets her death at the hands of the discarded lover, is marvellously played.

Sir W. W. Pinero's new comedy, "Preserving Mr. Panmore," will be presented in the Comedy Theatre, London, early in the new year. The cast will include Marie Löhr, Kate Sergeantson, Iris Hawkins, Ada Ferrar, Arthur Playfair, Edmund Maurice, Dawson Milward, and Dion Boucicault.

"The Princess Clementina," of George Pleydell and A. E. W. Mason, which was produced at the Queen's Theatre in London recently, is a bit of romantic melodrama. It tells how a gallant Irishman was sent on a mission to convoy the Polish Princess Clementina from a polite prison at Innsbruck to her bridegroom, the Old Pretender, at Bologna, with what bravery and address he accomplished it, how he fell in love with his charge, but resisted temptation, and finally came out of all sorts of trial furnaces with infinite credit to himself. H. B. Irving has made a marked success as the masterful hero of the play.

Herbert Trench's plans at the London Haymarket are now pretty well settled. Some time in February he will produce Charles McEvoy's comedy, "All That Matters," a study of West Dorset life and character, a field of which the author possesses intimate personal knowledge. His familiarity with it was exhibited in "The Village Wedding," seen recently at the London Coronet. "All That Matters" is, however, a work of larger scope. As described by Mr. Trench, it contains an element of tragic feeling and of passion, affording a strong contrast to the more placid pictures of rural existence. The two leading parts will be entrusted to Phyllis Neilson-Terry, as a farmer's daughter, and to Norman Trevor, who appears as an impoverished squire. After Mr. McEvoy comes Mr. Rudolf Besler, either with his new play, "Baldwin" or with a dramatization of H. G. Wells's novel, "Kipps." The catalogue does not end here, however. Mr. Trench has decided to present Ibsen's "The Pretenders," a play which very nearly received a production at the hands of Sir Henry Irving.

The Lord Chamberlain has changed his mind with regard to the performance of

Sophocles upon the London stage. He has now consented to a production of Gilbert Murray's English version of the "Oedipus Rex," which probably will be taken in hand either by Herbert Trench or Sir Herbert Tree.

Frank Curzon will start at the London Globe, early in January, with the Baroness Orczy and Montagu Barstow's romantic play, "Beau Brocade." Bertram Wallis plays the principal male character, that of an English officer unjustly degraded—the period is 1746—who in revenge takes to the road.

Music

Clara Novello's Reminiscences. Compiled by her daughter, Contessa Valeria Gigliucci. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

Half a century ago Clara Novello was as famous among operatic sopranos as Nellie Melba is to-day; "Novello cake" could be ordered in the restaurants, as "pêche Melba" can be now. Forty-seven years elapsed between her last appearance in England and her death, on March 12, 1908; yet her relatives collected nearly a hundred obituary notices that had appeared in English papers. She herself, though born in London, represented a rare fusion of races, her father having been the son of an Italian father and English mother, while her mother was the daughter of a German father and Irish mother. Her early retirement from the stage was due entirely to private and domestic reasons, for her voice kept its charm to an exceptional age. In early womanhood an eminent surgeon had predicted, after examining her throat, that her singing powers would be unimpaired at eighty, should she live so long; she was eighty-three when she sang for others the last time, and even when verging on ninety she amazed those about her by singing snatches of old tunes in a voice marvellously fresh and steady. This preservation of her voice she ascribed partly to the fact that she had always avoided straining it beyond its compass, rejecting from her contracts such composers as she judged to have written unvocally; and partly to her extreme sobriety in eating and drinking. The Novello household was, indeed, noted in London not only for its musical attractions, but as a place where the art of plain living and high thinking was cultivated to perfection, wherefore such men as Keats, Shelley, Lamb, Leigh Hunt, were wont to consult its head on matters affecting their daily life. Perhaps the greatest compliment ever paid to Clara was that Lamb addressed to her a poem in which, after confessing that the gods had made him "most unmusical," that he hated trills and shakes and, at an oratorio, "only wished the thing was done," he

nevertheless paid a cordial tribute to her art.

Of the great composers of the time, there were two, in particular, who took a special interest in her—Mendelssohn, and Rossini. Her sister relates how, on one occasion, when Malibran was present at a social gathering, Clara also sang, and then asked Mendelssohn to play. He complied by giving them a marvellous improvisation in which "he introduced the several pieces Malibran had just sung, working them in with admirable skill one after the other; and, finally, in combination, the four subjects blended together in elaborate counterpoint," doing things which her father felt inclined to declare impossible, even though he had just heard them done. Subsequently Mendelssohn sent for her to sing in Leipzig, where, as he wrote to her brother, "the public became like mad," being "equally delighted with her clear and youthful voice and with the purity and good taste with which she sings everything." To Sterndale Bennett, he wrote (1837):

For years I have heard nothing that has pleased me more than this voice. . . . She was most in her element with Handel amid whose surroundings she has grown up and become great. People asked each other in astonishment: Is that Handel? Did Handel write so? Is it possible? From such a performer the composer himself can learn.

No less complimentary was Rossini, who insisted on having her come to Italy to create the soprano part in his "Stabat Mater" in Bologna. On this occasion she and the other singers daily dined at Rossini's table. After the meal, he made them rehearse, dwelling particularly on the quartet, "Quando corpus," which soon went as smoothly as an accordion, yet was done over and over again, until she said to the composer: "If you rehearse us because you enjoy hearing it, all right, but don't say it can be improved." Rossini had previously assisted her in finding the best teacher; he also composed cadenzas for her, to be used in his operas, wrote her letters of advice, and persuaded her not to deliver any letters of introduction in Milan, to avoid distractions from study.

When she was still a girl, she had the privilege of waltzing to Chopin's playing. But he would only play for her after she had recited "Peter Piper" for him. Liszt also played for her, and once he dined at their house. She witnessed the frenzies of women over him. When he broke the strings of his piano, they rushed on to the stage and fought for them; "and when he left Vienna, fifteen or twenty carriagefuls of these cracked creatures pursued him as far as the first station, where change of post-horses took place." She once saw him play on the piano with his back turned to the instrument. Those were times when even serious musicians indulged

la tricks, to amuse the public. Paganini used to take out a pair of scissors, cut three strings, which hung down, and on the remaining string proceed to play his "Witches' Dance."

Queer things happened in those days in opera houses, as well as in concert hall's. One time, when Clara Novello was in Madrid, Queen Isabella kept a crammed house, on a gala night, waiting above two hours before the performance could begin. Of her colleagues, Miss Novello has many interesting things to relate, particularly of the eccentric Malibran, of whom she tells several characteristic anecdotes. What she says (p. 48) about Lablache's wonderful "face-acting" should be read by all opera singers, most of whom do not realize that to this phase of their art they ought to devote as much attention as to the training of the voice. In speaking of Rubini's singing, in "Lucia," she refers to

his divine voice, tears a component part of his liquid notes, singing as if to himself, in a far away reverie, pianissimo, the entire first part of the soliloquy in the third act—I felt entranced almost to fainting away in ecstasy. In art as in beauties of nature, absolute perfection strikes one dumb, utterly.

In 1842, Miss Novello married an Italian and retired from the stage temporarily, living in Italian rural regions, of her life in which she gives quaint details. She tells also of her sojourn in the cities; in Venice, for instance, where, in those days, the amateur tenors, with guitar accompaniment, had not been superseded as yet by the big military bands. But enough has been said to show that these reminiscences bring before the reader's mind uncommonly vivid pictures of musical life half a century ago. They are all the better for not having been written with a view to publication. After her death, her daughter found them among her papers, as mere jottings. These she arranged in chronological order and connected them with as much explanatory and additional matter as was necessary to make a continuous story. There are several illustrations, besides an introductory memoir by Arthur D. Coleridge.

Claude Debussy is working very slowly at his "Tristan" and his "Fall of the House of Usher"; he has not yet finished much more than the titles.

Mischa Elman will be the soloist at the next two Carnegie Hall concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in New York, on January 13 and 14.

Lisa Lehmann, the popular composer-pianist, and her English quartet will return to New York on January 7, after a three months' tour to the Pacific Coast and the South. Mme. Lehmann will give her first recital in New York this season on Monday afternoon, January 9, at Mendelssohn Hall. Her programme will consist of selections from "The Golden Threshold," miscellaneous solo numbers by each member

of the quartet, "Four Cautionary Tales and a Moral," and "The Happy Prince," which will be recited, with music, by Miss Constance Collier.

Herman Brandt, one of the best-known violinists in the country, and a composer, has died in New York. He was well known in musical circles from here to the coast, and had been a member of the most prominent orchestras in the United States. For a number of years he was first violinist in Thomas's orchestra in Chicago, and conducted in San Francisco the Brandt String Quartet, regarded by musical critics as one of the best string orchestras ever formed in this country.

Art

Colour Printing and Colour Printers.

By R. M. Burch. With a chapter on modern processes by W. Gamble. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. \$3 net.

While this is not altogether the book on color prints which some of us have been expecting for years, it is certainly a useful piece of pioneer work, particularly from the technical standpoint. Criticism is forestalled somewhat by the author's prefatory statement: "The present volume is not offered to the reader as a complete history of color printing, but merely constitutes an attempt to indicate some of the lines on which the compilation of such a book might proceed." And farther on, we are told that the book "is mainly concerned with English color work, although, of course, references to what was done in other countries could not very well be excluded." We are not entirely unused to this evidence of insularity in British publications. As a matter of fact, the history of color printing cannot be written with reference to England alone. Mr. Burch, who evidently knows his subject well, does, indeed, make frequent excursions into the foreign field, but not always systematically. There are such contrasts as due recognition of F. E. Ives of half-tone fame, and an ignoring of Louis Prang, whose lithographic reproductions of the Walters ceramic collection should have procured for him some mention. And, again, among the many books and periodicals cited, the *Zeitschrift für Reproduktionstechnik*, the late lamented *Monatshefte für graphisches Kunstgewerbe*, and the Japanese *Kokka* are conspicuously absent. On the other hand, the German book on color etching by Vojt Preissig (which appeared also in Bohemian), is noted, but not the English one by Hugh Paton (London, 1909.)

Yet the fact remains that this is a decidedly useful compilation, in which the development of color printing, both typographical and pictorial, is traced from the early block books to the most recent photomechanical processes. This is done, in the main, by critical examination of

a very large amount of material, all conscientiously and somewhat dryly recorded, from sumptuous publications, such as the "Alhambra" of Owen Jones or Zahn's folios on Pompeii, to our American Sunday "colored supplements." While the faculty of crisp, clear characterization is shown in the descriptions of various processes, a little too much is occasionally left to the imagination; which is natural, perhaps, for one writing from the standpoint of the printer with his technical knowledge. On p. 251, for instance, it does not appear that Miss Mary Cassatt laid an aquatint ground on her color plates. The account of modern color etchings is meagre, and modern original work in lithography and wood engraving is left out of consideration altogether.

For these reasons and others, there is still a place for a comprehensive, clear survey of color prints, which should deal in a critical, connected manner with the artistic results of the desire to imitate natural colors which showed itself about as soon as pictures began to be printed. The richness of mezzotints, the grace, sometimes feeble, of stipple engravings, the water-color effect of aquatints, the decorative qualities of the Japanese chromo-xylograph, the completeness of effect of Le Blon's efforts, Baxter prints, Debucourt's plates and certain recent etchings, the luscious tints of the lithographs of Lunois and the mere color suggestions in those of Whistler—these are a few indications of the multiple fascination which this art of color-printing has ever had. And this fascination exists quite independently of our opinion as to the result compared with the chaste beauty of the black and white print. Such a review of the whole field the late Sylvester Rosa Koehler, a man of a remarkable acquaintance with processes, had in mind, but never carried out.

"English Costume, from Prehistoric Times to the End of the Eighteenth Century," by George Clineh (McClurg), is popular in form, but contains a great amount of well-ordered information concerning civil, military, official, academic, and ecclesiastical costume. There are more than a hundred illustrations, invariably from original sources. A considerable ingathering of relevant antiquarian and literary matter adds to the readableness of the chronicle. In general, the work is done in scholarly and cautious fashion, but the description of bronze-age costume, pieced together from scattered finds, must naturally be taken skeptically, while the assumption that the Gauls and Britons of Roman times wore virtually the same costume, is more convenient than convincing. Royal portraits and effigies are frequent, and there is complete analysis of the costumes in which Queen Elizabeth was depicted.

More admirable as a person than as an artist, Rosa Bonheur has afforded excellent material to her latest biographer, Theodore Stanton. "Reminiscences of Rosa Bonheur"

(D. Appleton & Co.) is a thick book, fully illustrated, and perhaps overswollen by such secondary matter as the personal tributes of the heroine's friends. It is, however, pretty good reading, and falls only where success was impossible in the translation of the slangy "ragging" letters which she wrote to her intimates. Her father, Raymond Bonheur, was a light of the St. Simonian sect. After a disastrous trial of the communistic life, the painter settled in Paris, where he worked surrounded by two daughters and a son. The studio in the Rue Rumford was small, but afforded a stall for the animal models of Rosa and Auguste. At twenty-three Rosa had won the gold medal of the Salon. Later she wrote to a friend: "Rewards are much like blisters on wooden legs—they don't effect much." But, as a matter of fact, this brilliant beginning soon made her way easy. A fortunate alliance with the English dealer, Gambart, soon put her in a position to occupy the little Château of By, in the forest of Fontainebleau, where she lived most of her life with her friend, Nathalie Micas. Tame lion cubs played about the house. The menagerie at various times boasted chamols, moutons, a mare that followed her upstairs, and an Indian pony, presented by Buffalo Bill. Her "old masters" were the Ninevite reliefs in the Louvre. Rosa painted industriously, diverting herself by shooting hares in the forest, and on occasion by sniping Prussian pickets. It never occurred to her to look up certain less famous painters a few miles away, at Barbizon. One divines in her a strong but limited intelligence, an emotional life intense rather than fine, a robust and indefatigable geniality. She said that it would be delightful to be a painter though one produced only daubs, and she meant it. Her zeal for meticulous and literal representation she never seems to have questioned. We suppose she could have seen a horse by Degas without a qualm. Rarely has so great a reputation implied so little artistry. But Rosa Bonheur was the kindest of souls and most faithful of friends. Her memoirs abound in traits of good will and of radiant good sense. Of George Sand, she wrote: I venerate Mme. Sand, and have only one reproach to make against her: She was too womanly, too kind, and dropped the treasures of her noble heart and the pearls of her soul on the dung-heap, where cocks found the pearls and swallowed them, without being able to digest them.

A somewhat mixed metaphor, but a sound moral diagnosis. Again, she could not abide the brothers Goncourt, resenting their analytical preoccupation. Of life she had a singularly just sense, but she ordered her pictures framed in garnet plush. Mr. Stanton's book may be dipped into with profit, but it is poorly conceived as a biography. There is no chronological thread. It is impossible without much labor to tell where Rosa Bonheur was and what she was doing in any year. The sheer vitality and interest of the material do something to offset the lack of orderly arrangement.

The death is reported from Berlin, in his sixty-first year, of Prof. Joseph Uphues, the sculptor. One of his best known works is a statue of Frederick the Great in the park at Sanssouci, a replica of which was presented to this country by Emperor William. Other works by him include a Kaiser Wilhelm monument at

Düren, one of Bismarck at the same place, a group in the Siegesallee in Berlin, and a statue of Schiller at Wiesbaden. Among his decorations was the Order of the Imperial Eagle of the third class.

Finance

COMING EVENTS.

That the Stock Exchange, in the face of its almost unanimous profession of despondency, should have witnessed during most of the closing week of 1910 a general recovery in prices and should have opened the New Year with a still more vigorous advance, is an incident which, if not fundamentally important, was at all events interesting. The stock market of the past year, in its early and severe declines, may now be said to have rightly foreshadowed the coming relaxation in general industry. But the fulfilment, in trade at large, of the financial market's prophecy, did not come until Stock Exchange prices were themselves recovering; and that makes the question legitimate, how much of the market's later prophecy, in the way of reaction from the low midsummer prices, has been fulfilled.

But a Stock Exchange movement has to do, not only with general conditions, but with specific events, and there are four events of the first importance which will occur in the early weeks of 1911, which have been discussed in Wall Street as controlling influences, and which can hardly fail to leave some mark on the Stock Exchange history of the year. If the steel trade organs are rightly informed, the question of maintenance or revision, on an official basis, of prices in that industry will be settled within a fortnight. If bankers' expectations are fulfilled, another New York city bond issue will seek a market shortly afterward. Some time in February we may look for the Interstate Commerce Commission's decision on the higher railway rates. After probably no very long interval, the Supreme Court will decide the Oil and Tobacco cases. Exactly what will be the outcome, in each of these impending events, is a matter of sufficient doubt. But can anything be assumed beforehand, as to their influence on the market?

If the price schedules should be left unchanged by the manufacturers' conferences, the situation would be just what it was before. If they are lowered, some interesting possibilities would arise, with a bearing on the market. The point at issue, in the steel trade controversy, is whether lower prices will increase outside demands, or not. Manufacturers who are unwilling to reduce prices answer no. But they made the same reply on the eve of the famous "open market" in the steel trade of 1909, supporting their argument very

plausibly by the fact that a tariff bill was pending, and the country's plans for trade unsettled by it. Yet when the cut was made, a sudden and unexpectedly large demand for steel appeared from all directions; the industry awoke from its torpor; orders on the Steel Corporation's book rose from 3,500,000 tons in March, 1909, to 4,000,000 in June and to nearly 6,000,000 in December, and the advance on the Stock Exchange which ensued converged with exceptional violence on the Steel Corporation's shares.

A New York city bond issue has often been a landmark in the financial movement of the day. It was so in 1907, when two successive issues failed to find a market, and the coming financial trouble was thus in a way foreshadowed; but it was so in 1908 as well, when a \$50,000,000 offer, on February 14, made in the midst of profound after-panic depression and uncertainty, was six times oversubscribed, at an unexpectedly good price, and elicited 1,168 separate bids. It was that incident which marked the distinct turn for the better in the year's investment markets, and which introduced the movement of genuine financial recovery that followed.

Decision by the Interstate Commission, on the question of railway rates, would probably not be awaited with so great concern, were it not for the reckless and inexcusable outcries regarding ruined credit and railway insolvency which were raised by highly interested parties when the sweeping rate advances proposed last June were first held up. The real problem before the commission was obscured by this performance.

That problem was, whether the proposed rate advances were unreasonably great or not. This question the commission is to decide. It may concede all the advances asked; it may grant such as are reasonably proved to be essential; it may refuse them all, if no conclusive proof is forthcoming. The stock market has apparently assumed the third conclusion, but without convincing evidence. If its assumption turns out to be wrong, the response of the Stock Exchange should be interesting.

Six years ago, the Supreme Court's decision in an Anti-Trust case was awaited by Wall Street at this time of year with profound anxiety. If Northern Securities were to win, all would be well on the Stock Exchange; if it lost, the worst was to be apprehended. It lost; the stock market stood silent for a day; then rushed into a violent movement of recovery—under the leadership, Wall Street had good reason to suspect, of a financier most deeply and personally interested in the company. When prices rose, the Stock Exchange applied itself to discovering reasons why the decision was not alarming. But that was an after-thought. The real les-

son taught by the episode of 1904 was that the market, in advance of the decision, had misinterpreted the financial bearing of the Supreme Court's ruling, had greatly overdiscounted even the effect on sentiment of the merger's dissolution, and, had, therefore, when the decision actually came, begun to pay some attention to the real influences at work on the financial situation.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, N. B. *Industrial Studies*, United States. Boston: Ginn. 65 cents.
Brierley, J. *Life and the Ideal*. Boston: Pilgrim Press. \$1.25 net.
Björnson, B. A Lesson in Marriage: a Play in Two Acts. From the Norwegian by G. L. Colbron. Brandus.
Brown, F. C. *Elkanah Settle, His Life and Works*. Univ. of Chicago Press. \$1.25 net.
Clews, H. *Financial, Economic, and Miscellaneous Speeches and Essays*. Irving Publishing Company.
Cooke, G. M. *The Doings of the Dollivers: Strange Adventures of a Doll Family*. Sturgis & Walton. \$1 net.
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